

The Saturday Review

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EDITORIAL NOTICE:—The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged. It is preferred that MSS. should be typewritten.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

The death of General Botha is undoubtedly an Imperial calamity, because he was the cementing bond between the British and Dutch races in South Africa. Botha was that rare type, a Boer country gentleman, forced against his will into the horrid trade of war. But he fought like a gentleman, and when it was over, shook hands with the victor, as a gentleman does. He was a brave soldier, and, like all brave men, he was genuinely modest, disliking nothing so much as public speaking. His place will be taken by General Smuts, who is a much abler and better-educated man, having taken two Firsts in Law at Cambridge. With a slight foreign accent, just a disability to pronounce certain words, like "government," General Smuts is a master of the English language. If any man can hold the South African Federation together in peace, and keep it within the British Empire, it is General Smuts.

The so-called Peace Treaty of Versailles has been signed by the duly authorised representatives of some ten or twelve nations. But it has at present been ratified by the parliaments of none. In the mean time, the French and British armies are fast melting away. The Germans are clever people; and suppose that, as the months roll by, they say they cannot comply with this condition or that? How are they to be forced to obey? The re-establishment of the blockade, in the face of the revival of trade, which is beginning already, would be impossible. We predict that in a year or two the greater part of the Treaty of Peace will be jettisoned as impracticable; and that in ten or twenty years not a clause of it will remain.

The next generation will look on the Treaty as a monument of imbecility, because it has been built, with immense labour, upon a foundation of theories and dreams, cherished by democratic idealists. M. Clemenceau was probably the most sensible man at the Conference, for he is a typical Frenchman, and the French are a realistic, logical, and clear-headed nation. But he was swamped by Messrs. Wilson and Lloyd George, and an army of pedants and statisticians, who are obsessed by theories of self-determination and republican institutions, which are all very well for the highly politicised communities of the West, but are quite unsuited to the semi-barbarous Slavs of Eastern Europe. There is war all over Russia: there is war between Hungary

and Roumania; there is war between Serbia and Montenegro; there is war, of a sort, we suspect, between Turkey and Armenia; what may be going on between Czecho-Slovaks and Jugo-Slavs we do not pretend to know. We are pretty sure "a sort of war" will break out between Italy and the Jugo-Slavs, and between the German-Austrians and the Czechs in Bohemia.

And all this because the Paris Conference would persist in making the facts fit their theories, and would insist on believing that political societies are formed by race-kinship, instead of by economic advantage, and by a variety of centripetal forces, such as local position, personal preference for a particular leader, and others too subtle to enumerate. What, for instance, can be more childish than to forbid, by a clause in a treaty, the union of German-Austrians with the Germans of Central Europe? If it suits them to come together, they will unite, and laugh at your treaty. The converse is true; for it is equally futile to join people together by treaty, who don't wish to be united. Belgium and Holland were united after Waterloo by the Treaty of Vienna, and were separated fifteen years later. What, again, can be more idiotic than the refusal to recognise the Archduke Joseph as the President of Hungary? It was the one chance of restoring peace and order in Hungary. But no; he was a Hapsburg, and a duke, and that was quite enough for the journalists and professors who now appear to rule Europe.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Mr. Bonar Law, are all poor men, to whom the keeping of a motor-car (which cannot be done nowadays under £500 a year) would mean 10 per cent. of their gross and 20 per cent. of their net salaries. It is right therefore that they should have motor-cars supplied to them at the public cost; it should be an appanage of their high official rank. But what excuse is there for the millionaire "business men" using public cars? Lords Inverforth and Weir, and Sir Joseph Maclay, are all very wealthy men; and being Scotsmen they have an imperfect faculty of paying out of their own pockets. Do they use motor cars paid for by the public? And if so, what do the public think of it?

As invariably happens in a democracy of universal suffrage, the Prime Minister and his Government are afraid to tell the people the truth. Cutting down sixty

or a hundred motor-cars is well, as a theatrical stroke, the wholesale dismissal of powdered and painted "flappers," to the wailing of sentimental old colonels in office, is better. But until wages come down and hours are not shortened, but prolonged, we shall never get out of our mess. The definition of profiteering which seems to be most generally accepted is the exaction of an unreasonable profit from the necessities of the consumer. By that definition the most unconscionable profiteers are certainly the manual workers, and especially the miners. Can anybody say why organised labour should bear *none* of the burthens of war? The manual workers have fought; but so have the upper and middle classes. Why should the upper and middle classes, having fought, be bled to death in peace? The answer is, because they are few, and because they can't, or won't, organise themselves.

On an inner page of *The Daily Mail* last week, we gazed at a clever little cartoon, the Premier standing on a rock pointing to an "Ocean of Waste" and waving a banner with the legend "Spirit of Economy, Spirit of Retrenchment," etc. The whole of the outside page of the paper (at a cost we should guess of at least £1,000 to the advertiser) is occupied by an advertisement of a Beauty Cream! Comically enough, in the corner of the same page which puffs the unguent, we have "Steps with the Spenders!" What humbugs and hypocrites our politicians and pressmen are! If we were in earnest about economy, it would be made a penal offence to tempt women by advertisements to spend money on beauty creams, and tea-gowns, and silk stockings, and Parisian hats. In another paper we read that a Mr. Somebody has just returned from Paris with the latest confections from the Rue de la Paix. It was all very well in the old days to treat women as spoilt children, or pretty dolls, to be dressed in finery and fed with sweetmeats—but to-day!

At last the mystery of domestic service is beginning to unravel itself. For a long time we have been asking: Where have all the women gone to who used to be domestic servants? It now appears that the War Office, the Admiralty, the Ministry of Labour, and the Treasury, the Ministry of Supply, the Board of Trade, the various messes and canteens, the camps of the Air Force, have mopped them all up, and apparently intend to keep them. The women who used to cook and wash for private families are now cooking and washing for soldiers, air-force men, and government offices. If you add the number of women and girls employed in the City, in banks and offices, the number employed on tubes, trams, motor-busses, railway bookstalls, and shops, it is small wonder that there are no domestic servants. Add again the socialistic campaign against domestic service as degrading servitude; those living on unemployment doles; and the number who have married Colonial Tommies, and who have either left or are going, and the wonder disappears altogether.

Two changes have combined to revolutionise our social system. One is the multiplication of administrative functions, which, democracy fondly believes, can bring about the millennium, and the other is the increase of people in and passing through London. The first has led to a large demand for female clerks, and the second to a large demand for shop-women. The disappearance of men to the Front has, of course, aggravated the situation. Only liars maintain that the women and girls are as efficient in the shops and offices as the men; but they are cheaper, or seem so, for most of them are dearer than men owing to their inefficiency. Without a domestic servant class there can be no civilisation; will these women, or any of them, ever return to domestic service? If not, can we import servants from any other country? We fancy that other countries want domestics as badly as we do.

Sir Auckland Geddes said the other day that if the unemployment doles had not been given, there would have been a revolution, which it would have cost more to put down than the million a week to the loafers. We don't believe it for a moment; there might have been a

certain amount of rioting; but cowardice is the badge of all our politicians. Immediately after the Armistice, bands of unshorn, scowling men, marched up the Embankment and stood outside the Board of Trade and the Ministry of Labour, demanding to see somebody. They were offered a reasonable out of work pay until employment could be found, 20s. or 24s. a week, we believe. They refused it as "an insult," with threatening and abusive language. The authorities were terrified by the mere sight and sound of these men, and gave that absurdly lavish scale of doles which completed the demoralisation caused by the war. In the country and provincial towns it is a standing joke that all the well-known loafers are living on unemployment pay.

There is unfortunately but too much truth in Lord Rothermere's furious onslaught upon Government extravagance. But we don't quite see why Mr. Bonar Law should be made the scapegoat of the Ministry's sins; he is no more to blame than any other member of the War Cabinet: far less to blame than the Prime Minister, who, whether at the end of the telephone in Paris, or perorating on an election platform, directed everything, like a true autocrat. Lord Rothermere is quite right in saying that the moment the Armistice was signed, wholesale reductions should have begun. Instead of which, no reductions were made, but expenditure was actually increased by shovelling out unemployment doles at the rate of a million pounds a week, and continuing the construction of aeroplanes, which a few weeks later were destroyed.

The Armistice was signed at the end of the first week in November. Mr. Lloyd George then decided to have a General Election. Wholesale reductions and dismissals would have been unpopular, especially amongst the women, of whom eight or ten millions had just been enfranchised. So the doles began, and the Air Force with its army of female employees continued to expand its wings, and Slough was feverishly taken in hand, and on the full tide of a ruinous expenditure the present majority was floated into the House of Commons. It is an ugly and a sorry business, but if one man more than another is to blame, it is the Prime Minister. It is true he hurried off to Paris as soon as it was over, as if to avert his eyes from the horrible mess into which he had plunged the country. But it is grossly unfair to blame Mr. Bonar Law, who, if the truth were known, has to take his orders from Mr. Lloyd George, like every other member of the Cabinet.

The Versailles Treaty imposes terms on Germany which would require an army of at least a quarter of a million men to enforce. To talk of exacting these terms from a nation of 70,000,000 with an English brigade, and a French brigade, and an American brigade, is childishness. We have broken the back of German militarism, and had better leave it at that. It is an immense result; perhaps, though we do not say certainly, worth the money, for we have wasted millions, which our partners might have provided. Characteristically, some of them are already trying to rob us of the credit, though they have all had our men and our money. We agree with Lord Rothermere that we should at once cut further expenditure in France and Belgium, in Eastern Europe, and in Asia Minor. All Socialistic schemes of housing and education will have to be dropped.

We have received a letter from Mr. Bersev's solicitors complaining of paragraphs in our issue of the 16th August relating to that gentleman. With regard to Mr. Bersev's failure to appear before the Sub-Committee on National Expenditure, the explanation is that the request for his attendance reached him in the Isle of Wight five hours after the time at which he was asked to be present, and that he wrote immediately to the Secretary and explained. Why after this the Sub-Committee said what they did in their Report is a mystery, and it seems to us that Mr. Bersev's grievance is against the Sub-Committee and not against us, who merely quoted from the Report. However, as a

statement of the reasons for Mr. Bersey's absence appeared in the press on the 12th ult., and we did not see it, we express our regret for not having seen it. As for the rest of the Notes, they are merely reproductions of the Sub-Committee's opinion, and if the Press is not to be allowed to comment on parliamentary reports, there is an end to freedom of the Press.

We publish the above because we ought to have read Mr. Bersey's statement in the newspapers of the 12th ult. But we must add that it strikes us as very odd that Mr. Bersey should have left London for the Isle of Wight at the very time when a House of Commons Committee was inquiring into the conduct of a branch of the Air Service for which he was personally responsible (together with others). Did Mr. Bersey not know that the inquiry was going on? If he did know, why did he not attend the Committee, so that he might offer evidence on his own behalf, or contradict at once the evidence of Miss Pennant and others that might be unfavourable to his management? A man who chooses to take his holiday when a House of Commons Committee is inquiring into the affairs of his department can't complain if unfavourable comments are made on his absence.

Can anybody say what good Andrew Carnegie did on earth with the seventy or eighty millions which the piston of his amalgamating genius sucked into his reservoir? He built a Hall of Peace, which was hardly finished when the most sanguinary war in history desolated the world. He scattered libraries up and down the country, which are empty save for a few novel-reading idlers. Like all men, Carnegie coveted what he hadn't got. Being quite uneducated, he set a superstitious value on book learning. Had he read a little history, or a few biographies of celebrated men, he would have known that of the men who come to the top nine out of ten are bookless, and owe their success to character, good or bad.

Perhaps the few thousands a year which Carnegie left in legacies were the best use he made of his gigantic pile. Lord Morley, in the course of nature, cannot enjoy his annuity for very many years, but we hope the gift may make them more agreeable than they would otherwise have been. To Mr. John Burns the £1,000 a year will undoubtedly be welcome, and by his sturdy, outspoken commonsense, by his independence of party, and by his wonderful gift of language, he has proved himself a worthy recipient, though at the beginning of his career he may have indulged in some play-acting, as all demagogues are bound to do. We are very glad that Mr. Lloyd George has got an annuity of £2,000 a year, because it will make him less dependent on the voice of the beast with many tongues. The Prime Minister, who in his boyhood ran barefooted about his village, has in the last ten years become attached to the apolaustic life of the upper classes. In order to keep himself in that luxurious world, he must buy the votes of the masses with the money of the upper and middle classes.

Carnegie's annuity ought to put courage into the Prime Minister's heart, and induce him to throw in his lot with those who are struggling to save their savings, or what is left of them, from the maw of democracy. Great statesmen are lucky in the matter of legacies; their careers attract the sympathy of rich men and women. The luckiest, perhaps, was the elder Pitt. When he was a free lance in the House of Commons, struggling first against Walpole and then against the Pelhams, old Sarah Duchess of Marlborough left him £10,000, which enabled him to "carry on" till he got office. After he had been Secretary of State, and won the Seven Years' War, Sir William Pynsent, a cantankerous old Whig, left him an estate in Somersetshire. Lord Rockingham gave Burke £30,000. Mrs. Brydges-Williams, if we remember rightly, left Disraeli £40,000, besides the assistance which he got from the Bentincks in the purchase of Hughenden.

Mr. Brace, M.P., has put his finger on the vital spot in the organism of British labour—*rem acu tetigit*—when he says we must return to piece work. To fix a minimum wage and a maximum working day is to kill production. When a man knows that he must be paid, say, 10s. for working 6 hours, why should he care how much he produces, or what he produces, or how he produces it? The laziest and least skilled workman will receive just the same reward as the most industrious and most skilled. What would Ruskin or Carlyle have said to this? If this deadly system had prevailed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, should we have had a Benvenuto Cellini, or a John of Padua? As Sir Henry Maine pointed out long ago, there are only two systems by which the work of the world can be done: free competition, which has resulted in the British and North American civilisations; and State labour, the task justly and kindly allotted, but enforced by the prison or the scourge. The latter was actually practised in the first French Revolution on white men, and later on negroes in the plantations of the Southern States of the Union.

Apart from the difference between Heaven and Hades, the chief distinction between Pagans and Christians was that Pagans worshipped the body, and Christians the soul. The rising generation seems rapidly returning to Paganism, if one may judge from the woodcuts in the papers. Young women, or, rather, girls in various uniforms, W.R.A.F.'s, or W.R.E.N.'s or W.A.A.C.'s, seem to pass a great deal of time in physical drill, which apparently consists in pulling their own and one another's legs. We have not the least objection to this leg-pulling, though we may observe in passing that it has destroyed all vestiges of modesty in young "ladies." What we do object to is the overburdened taxpayer being called on to pay for this pulling of legs. Physical drill is a luxury which the young Wrafs and Wrens ought to pay for themselves, or make their parents do so. How many millions a year of public money are spent on physical drill? Is the strength of these young ladies' legs any concern of the public?

We learned with the greatest alarm from Sir Sidney Low last week, that the great American Film Trust, which is endeavouring to oust the British film from our own picture theatres, is under the control of the American Polypapist, Mr. W. R. Hearst. This Yankee Polypapist is ten thousand times worse than all the Northcliffes, Hultons, and Beaverbrooks, rolled into one. He is a foul-mouthed, unscrupulous ruffian, an anarchist, with a bitter hatred of England and English journalism, because it maintains some standard of truth and decency. He panders to the passions of the lowest sections of the Irish and German population in the United States. It is an outrage that he should be allowed to have anything to do with any exhibition on British soil. There is no American politician of any standing that Hearst has not libelled, and at the outbreak of the war he did his best to get America to join Germany. The fabrication or falsification of news is a trifle with Hearst, a matter of almost daily occurrence in his papers.

No: It is not an obituary notice: it is a biography of the very much alive Lord Lee of Fareham, that appears in the columns of last week's *Outlook*. It is certainly a new and rather startling departure in journalism for the owner of a journal to publish an appreciation of himself in his own columns. It suggests infinite possibilities, if only the notice be candid and truthful! Then the Archpolypapist, Lord Northcliffe, might see himself as others see him, and reflected in the twenty mirrors of his various newspapers. But who is to write it? Mr. E. T. Raymond, who unless we are mistaken, is a regular writer in *The Outlook*, signs the article on Lord Lee. That is not an ideal arrangement. We suggest that Sir Edward Carson should write a biographical notice of Lord Northcliffe, and that it should appear *tel quel* in all the Polypapist's organs. Since Satur-

day, we have been searching London with a Diogenes lantern to find someone to write a complimentary biography of ourselves, but have not yet found him.

We seemed to be back in the old days of the War when we read last Monday General Ironside's report that Russian troops, supported by two companies of Royal Fusiliers, including many Australians, had attacked the Bolshevik forces on the Archangel-Vologda railway, and gained all their objectives. Our haul of material and prisoners was considerable, and our casualties light, but the fact that Emptsä, a village 100 miles south of Archangel, has been taken and retaken several times, shows that the Bolshevik army is better organised than it was.

It is a curious circumstance that of all professions in life the only one in which the writers are subject to universal abuse is that of the civil servant. Before the War the mere mention of the Civil Service conjured up the same easy smile as was accorded to the mother-in-law and other jokes in vogue with the vulgar. Since the War the smile has been twisted round to the other side of the public mouth, and tends to conceal a snarl. The "Cuthberts" of yesteryear make way for the "limpets" of to-day. "Poy," who, it would seem, must himself have rendered some special form of national service, continues to hold them up to nightly execration.

What is the secret of it? Nobody denies that a Civil Service is required. Very few genuinely question since the War that the work performed by the Service is often arduous and of great responsibility. And it has been stated by those who are in a position to judge that the British Civil Service compares not unfavourably with that of other countries. Yet while all others who worked during the war receive some measure of public sympathy, the Civil Service remains, if the Press is a fair pointer, an old contemptible institution. Perhaps, however, contempt at the hands of the Polypapist is no more wounding than sympathy, say, from Mr. Bottomley.

People who value their houses and household goods should be cautious about letting in these days, whatever terms they may be able to demand. A lady we know let her cottage at the seaside to apparently respectable tenants. She went down last week, when they had gone, to see the place, and found that she had been harbouring thieves and blackguards. Every cupboard was unlocked and emptied; some things were stolen, others left broken. Her boxes had been opened and articles out of them brought down, used, and smashed. She collected a bucketful of broken cups and glasses; the sofa and a Chippendale chair were smashed, and the clocks with their hands off had paper pasted on their faces. "Even the carpets were cut up to suit their whims." What an age we have come to of arrant thieving and disgusting insolence. No decent savage would behave so, only the lowest scum of civilisation, which seems on the theory of the group-mind to be contaminating the manners and morals of the world in general. We fear that the War has engendered a mania for wanton destruction.

To those who think cricket the best game of all and professional football the worst, the end of the cricket season brings mixed consolation and sorrow. The decision to revert to the three-day match is obvious sense. To confine play to two days with our climate is simply to ask for a draw. The other satisfactory feature is to find the old champions, Yorkshire and Kent, heading the list. Yorkshire have a splendid record, and have been able to prove that the player who plays for his living can be just as attractive a performer and likeable a person as the amateur. The old familiar names in the old familiar places in the County Table give one, if faintly, a feeling that 1914 is not, after all, 100 years off.

THE WASHINGTON EMBASSY.

NONE but a rich man can afford to inhabit "the Embassy," as the great porticoed palace in Connecticut Avenue has been called by social Washington, ever since Sir Julian Pauncefote's day in the late 'eighties and nineties. The present salary attached to this, the most delicate and important of all our diplomatic posts, is a meagre £2,500 a year, less income-tax and super-tax. With this goes £7,500 as non-taxable *frais de représentation*.

These emoluments were poor enough in pre-war days, when America's Federal capital was a leisurely, drowsy place, as remote from the fret and fever of New York City as the further face of the moon. But that Washington passed with 1917. Last year saw its leafy avenues whizzing and reeking with a motor-traffic that called for new and ingenious police regulation. Not a bed or a room was to be had for love or money. Lath-and-plaster barracks sprang up by the acre in the parks and public places of America's Versailles.

Fantastic prices were offered for furnished houses and flats. Millionaire industrialists were refused even a mattress in the hotel bath, and therefore had to travel to Baltimore every night, a matter of 43 miles each way, for sleeping accommodation. Nor will Washington ever return to its former *sans-gêne*. It is to-day the most expensive city on earth; therefore our new Ambassador's salary should forthwith be doubled.

It is well to remember that at this moment America holds the financial and economic primacy of the world. She emerges from the war a naval and military Power of the first rank, well aware of her commanding voice in Old World affairs. She now has a population of 110,000,000, as well as food supplies and the raw materials of industry in matchless volume.

Most significant of all, America has at last a great Mercantile Marine to carry her teeming abundance. Her trade strategy has been ably planned, and is directed abroad by over two hundred diplomats and twelve hundred consuls, all of them scientifically trained for the new opportunities of "America's Day."

Viscount Grey will find little enough Anglomaniac in Washington; this is a fact to be frankly faced. As historian of the country, Lord Bryce could afford to ignore the traditional hostility of the United States. But German and Irish influence constantly checked Spring-Rice, who often expressed his amazement and perplexity at the "hidden hands" which cropped up to mar his unceasing efforts.

It must be borne in mind that America is, and always has been, extraordinarily sensitive where Britain is concerned. Until the war came, her national festival was an orgy of Anglophobia, in which the sight of a Union Jack could, and did, provoke serious riots. Every American child reads, or read till recently, in school the slashing indictment of England's "Tyrant" King (George III.) and his heedless subjects, who were "deaf to the appeal of consanguinity" addressed to them by the aggrieved Colonists overseas.

A second Anglo-American War, due to our search at sea, came in 1812, and the Treaty of Ghent left much soreness behind it. Then there were Canadian Boundary disputes in Oregon and Maine. There was the favouring of the South in the Civil War by our ruling classes, and many other awkward "affairs," such as that of the Venezuela-British Guiana Line in 1895, which elicited a bellicose Message to Congress from President Cleveland.

There is, in short, a traditional mistrust of British diplomacy, whose "commercial egoism" inspired the *perfidie Albion* legend of the French historian, Sorel, in 1765. This legend was carried into Prussia as an article of popular faith. And even so able an envoy as Earl Reading found British "duplicity" haunting the Halls of Congress in the very midst of the Great War.

"I note with interest," our High Commissioner told the American Bar Association, "that we are credited by some with an astuteness, a subtlety, and a Machiavellian intellect, which I should have thought that you, knowing our history and our blunders, would have

been the last to lay at our doors." The long-drawn battle between President Wilson and the Sénate over the Treaty of Versailles clearly shows that Lord Grey, like his temporary predecessor, will have to combat the same tenet of British "ascendancy and domination," which Lord Reading repudiated with such genial tact.

Our moral and material "gains" in the Middle East, and especially in the Africas, are pointed out by dissident groups in both Houses of Congress. French protests are quoted against the Anglo-Persian Agreement of August 9th, and also our Ally's grievance in the matter of Syria. Moreover, all manner of small nations, from Ireland to Egypt, are pleading their case before the Senate Committee of Foreign Relations. Above all, American legislators in both Houses ask their harassed Executive why Great Britain should have six votes in the League of Nations to America's one?

In reply, President Wilson indicates "the many, and often apparently insuperable difficulties," which the Conference encountered in re-mapping our post-war world. The Treaty was therefore a compromise, if "not exactly what we would have written." Now the Senate aspires to a little corrective "writing" of its own, and Anglo-American relations are by no means so satisfactory as they were at the close of the war.

"Let us be Americans again," urges Senator Hiram Johnson of California—a man of "Presidential timber" in next year's election. Statesmen so diverse as Mr. Lodge of Massachusetts and Mr. Borah of Idaho fear the "foreign entanglements" against which George Washington warned the Republic long ago. Away with the idea of American mandates for Europe or Asia! Let Article X. of the Treaty be so "fixed" as to safeguard America's interests.

Japan is scathed in the Senatorial cross-examination of President Wilson, especially in the matter of Shantung. Indeed, Japan and Britain, linked as they are in a pre-war alliance, appear to be the suspects in a Congressional inquiry fraught with far-reaching consequences to the Peace Treaty. So it is at a critical time that Viscount Grey takes up his residence in the big red-brick palace of Britain which has Austria just opposite. Italy and Germany are close by, and the White House is ten minutes from the pebbled courtyard.

America does more than welcome our new and distinguished envoy. Her press pays homage to his "ability, his nobility of character, and all the qualities that win friendship and admiration." Was he not "the most active defender of civilisation" in 1914? Lord Grey will have to conquer his objection to reporters, just as President Wilson himself did in 1912, when his snubbing of "the boys" was quickly realised as a failure in a land where publicity is an astonishing passion.

The greatest force that will oppose our new Ambassador is the Irish. They wield immense power in the Senate and Lower House, in all the State Legislatures, and in the press and pulpit of the whole continent for 3,000 miles. Broadly, America may be said to support Ireland's case, whilst that of Ulster has no show at all. All classes, from President Wilson to the alien miner out West and the negroes of the South, favour "self-determination." And in the United States it is Ireland's case which has always been the criterion of Britain's alleged passion for "domination." That case America regards rather as a domestic than a foreign affair, so permeated is her own polity with people of Irish blood and descent.

It will, therefore, be interesting to see how Lord Grey's diplomacy handles a bristling problem, which has thus far baffled all his predecessors in Washington.

THE RESPITE.

DURING the past two months the revolutionary movement in this country has received a distinct setback. The Police strike was a disastrous failure. What the demands of the Miners' Federation mean in terms of increased prices and more hardship is coming to be realised by the masses of the nation, includ-

ing the manual-labouring classes outside the Miners' Federation. The criminally reckless strike of the Yorkshire Miners further weakened the prestige of Mr. Smillie. The suspension by the Triple Alliance of the proposed ballot on "direct action" and the proceedings at its conferences this week indicate the realization that in present circumstances such an attempt to hold up the community would fail. The revolutionaries have been repulsed in their first attempt to exploit the unsettlement at the close of the war. The issue of "direct action" is to be raised again, and a section of the miners desire to pursue a "ca' canny" policy by way of retaliating on the community for not making them Civil Servants. Meantime we have a respite in which to pull taut the strands of our industrial fabric.

It is difficult rightly to estimate the actual, and still more the potential, influence of the small but energetic section who are consciously and avowedly working for revolution. Inside the Trade Unions there is little conscious revolutionism. What exists is to be found mainly in small sections of the Miners and the Engineers. To this minority even Mr. Snowden is hopelessly compromised with the "bourgeois." These men hope to use the Trade Unions as tools for the sabotage of British industry. Production is deliberately to be kept low in order that our industrial system may be wrecked, and the ground thus cleared for reconstruction on Soviet lines. Their constructive programme may be judged from its financial elements, which consist of expropriation of property owners and repudiation of debt. The average Trade Union leader is, of course, not taken in by dishonest nonsense of this kind. But Trade Union leaders are the often unwilling followers of prophets of the Webb-Money order. The sophistries of this crowd, preached by the young careerists of the Labour movement, shop-stewards and others, to uneducated and credulous followers, are the means of discrediting official leaders. Of this undermining of the Trade Union officials' authority, one of the most sinister features is the repudiation by Unions of agreements entered into by their accredited representatives, a feature made possible by the Trades Disputes Act. The treachery of Labour leaders' lieutenants was well illustrated last week. The day following Mr. Brownlie's letter emphasising the vital necessity of increased output, an official of his Union gave an interview to a Radical paper in which he characterized his leader's appeal as "the reddest of red herrings." "Intense production, abroad as well as here, will soon lead to the outstripping of consumption." The cloven hoof appears when he states that since "the present basis of distribution" limits consumption, production also must be carefully limited. The idea that every fall from present abnormal prices will make fresh demand effective, and that the large scale production thereby rendered possible will lower cost and provide a larger margin for profit and wages, has apparently not entered the ken of this anonymous economist. That a leader of Mr. Brownlie's status should be subjected to this kind of comment—of which more, we predict, will be heard at the Trade Union Congress next week—is disquieting evidence of the pressure which in times of crisis may be brought to bear on responsible leaders by the extremist elements among their own followers. It is upon such pressure that the extremist leaders of the Triple Alliance will rely when advocating "direct action" to the Congress.

Between these extremist elements and patriotic Labour stands the great mass of the Labour movement, alike innocent of conscious revolutionary aims and ignorant of the perils which beset British industry. Its attitude in the near future will be determined by the amount of the material prosperity it enjoys. Perhaps the most potent cause of civil strife is expectation which runs counter to economic possibilities. This is precisely why two of the principal factors of the situation are so alarming. The first is the belief that wages can be indefinitely subsidized out of the resources of the State. The second is the widespread disinclination to work hard and continuously, even though money is to be made thereby.

The vicious delusion that wages can be indefinitely increased by State subsidies to industry is largely

due to the fantastically high wages which Labour was able to extort as its price for making munitions during the war. It is this idea, rather than any considered belief in State control of industry, that is responsible for the advocacy by organised Labour of the policy of nationalizing industry. It was not for nothing that Labour members alone in the House approved of the Slough scandal: a salient feature was the payment of extravagant wages. The taxation necessitated by subsidizing industry will, of course, destroy existing incentive to effort; the substitute, according to Mr. Webb, is to be the inspiration of service to the community: as exemplified, we suppose, by the Yorkshire miners, whose strike was directed not against the employers, whose profits are limited, but against the Coal Controller representing the consumer? Mr. Lloyd George recently described the decline in output as "almost sensational"; what does he think now of the assurances of Mr. Webb to the effect that shorter hours and increased wages would be followed by increased output? Is it too much to hope that the Webb-Money crowd will not in future be allowed to meddle in the government of this country? The root of the matter is that the people who get the wages paid out of State subsidies do not contribute to the taxes. The deduction at the source of income-tax from wages would do infinitely more to induce in the democracy sound views of economics than any number of Ministerial homilies. If miners, railwaymen and others are to be paid wages which bear no economic relation to the value of the work they do, let the nation feel it in increased prices. Then it will face the question whether it is willing to be held up by powerful groups.

It is owing mainly to these two causes, expressing themselves in the policy of more money for less work, that costs of production are high. Ultimately the possible reward of labour is determined by the prosperity of industry. The greatest of the responsibilities of Mr. Lloyd George, with his power of popular appeal, is to convince organized labour of the futility of the policy of more money for less work, and the necessity of establishing an economic relation between wages and output. If he can make these facts real to the masses of the nation, he will have frustrated the revolutionaries' next hope, which is to establish a coal blockade.

The disinclination to work hard and continuously is equally dangerous. In the case of many of the younger men, it is due to the habit of slacking enforced by Army routine. But there is also a psychological reason. Continuous hard work is a product of advanced civilization: it requires the civilized habit of mind, which is built up on custom and confidence. In war-time both are destroyed. Thus war breaks down alike the habit and the inspiration of work. Recently it was proposed to the wool operatives by the leaders of their Union that in view of the shortage of woollen goods the operatives should work more than 48 hours per week, the additional hours to be remunerated at overtime rates already agreed between the Union leaders and the employers. The operatives refused, and Government wool stocks are accordingly being put up to foreign auction.

AGRICULTURAL POLICY.

I.

THE farmer is so much in evidence at the present time, and so much is being said and written about him and the future of agriculture, that the moment seems opportune to discuss briefly what the farmer is doing, some of the difficulties he has to contend with, and the risks he is taking in altering his plans to suit present conditions.

We propose to confine our remarks to the clay, or heavy land farmer. He was the farmer who supplied the extra grain in the stormy times of 1800 to 1813, and increased production by 25 per cent. in 10 years' time, and, let it be understood, without the aid of artificial manures, merely by good mechanical tillage. For the most part he continued to produce grain down to 1872. It is to him we now look for a repetition of the per-

formance, also to improve upon it, if possible, with the aid of science and artificial manures. It is now possible to obtain a substantially increased output.

Since 1872 about three million acres of heavy and very light land have gone down to grass. The farmer put the land down to grass, because with the advent of cheap transport, grain came in from all parts of the world, and became so cheap that it did not pay him to produce it. He is quite prepared to alter his methods and to do what the country requires of him in the matter of producing grain and potatoes, as soon as it is indicated to him what is required, always provided that he secures the necessary inducement. The farmer will never be frightened of taking a risk—the very nature of his calling compels him to take risks all the time. To compensate him for the risk there must be an inducement in the shape of a good profit, should the season prove to be a good one. The amazing thing is that it took the Government with all its expert advisers nearly three years of war conditions to learn and understand that elementary fact.

The greatest difficulty the farmer has to contend with is the lack of skilled labour. This is, no doubt, common to most business undertakings at the present time, but is specially applicable to the clay farmer. He requires really good ploughmen. The really good agricultural labourer is as skilled in his own way as the good mechanic, and should be as well paid. Meantime, he is of quite as much value, and every skilled ploughman that is lacking means the difference between good or bad cultivation of 50 acres of land. Even Mr. P. W. Smith, of C. Hamilton, Ltd., in his recent admirable paper on tractor ploughing, admitted that a skilled ploughman was just as necessary to his tractors as his mechanics. The farmer is doing his best with the labour available, but when during the war he got as substitutes a baker from Birkenhead, and a weaver from Perth as second and third horse-men, he was justified in assuming that he was being played with by a Government that quite obviously did not know its business. It was no excuse to say that the army wanted recruits at the time, for during 1917 and 1918 the matter of primary importance for the very existence of the country was food.

The farmer was guaranteed what seemed to be a paying price for his 1917 crop of potatoes. He responded at once and provided a very large additional acreage. He may be said to have practically saved the country. He had a good crop and in most cases it paid him well. If it had been a poor one, as was the case in 1916, he would have lost heavily. In most instances his potatoes cost him £30 an acre to grow, but he took the risk. Why? Because, as has already been stated, he is accustomed to taking risks and he saw the chance of a profit. It was unfortunate that the Government misled the small potato grower. No consideration was shown to him. He could not sell in four ton lots, and could not get the Government subsidy, and was therefore paid £4 5s. in place of the £6 he expected. His extra half acre was just as much to him as the large grower's extra 100 acres. Even the average farmer was not getting £6, as some might imagine. He got £4 5s. delivered in towns, if he delivered in 4 ton lots, with the Government subsidy of £1 15s. per ton, but if he happened to be any distance from market, he had to pay 5s. to 10s. per ton for railway carriage and 5s. for use of bags, so that his price was only £5 5s. to £5 10s., not £6, as he was promised. Naturally enough, the fact seriously affected the next year's crop, for, if there is one thing more than another that checks production, it is lack of confidence in your master. The small grower is of great importance in growing potatoes, as everyone with a few square yards of ground can grow them. During 1918 they were without doubt the most important crop the farmer could grow, and the effect of large crops of potatoes on the production of pork, poultry, and eggs, is always very great. With large crops of potatoes, after supplying the table—by drying, making flour, starch, spirits, etc., a large number of pigs could be fed with the small potatoes and the residue. It was the provision the Germans made in this respect that enabled them before the war to secure

practically the whole of a valuable stock-food in the shape of fish meal from Aberdeen.

So much for potatoes. We will now give an idea of what the farmer is doing in producing extra grain. The parish we have in mind was not a particularly rich one, but was guaranteed a fair price for grain for 1918. The necessary inducement was therefore present. The extra acreage and manuring would in an average season produce 6,000 to 7,000 qrs. additional grain. This was arranged without friction by the Local Authority, who happened to be one man, and not a Committee. With fencing wire at £55 to £60 per ton, and fencing posts at four times pre-war values, not to mention the difficulty in getting them at all, a considerable hole was knocked in the profit. With a bad season, there would be a certain loss. But the farmer was again prepared to take the risk, because there was the chance of a good profit.

Now just a word on what the increase really meant. In an average season, the parish produced 20,000 qrs. of grain. About 8,000 qrs. are required for home uses—such as meal, horse oats, seed, etc., leaving about 12,000 qrs. available for sale. Next autumn, if all goes well, the total production will be about 26,000 qrs. and the same 8,000 qrs. will suffice for the parish, leaving about 18,000 qrs. available for sale, or a 50 per cent. increase, an addition of nearly 1,000 tons to the nation's grain supply. It is easy to see what this would mean, if the same arrangement prevailed all over the country, and it could go on, not one year but every year, and could easily be increased by another 50 per cent.

We have referred to what took place in a parish already pretty well under the plough, and where no great additional expenditure in horses or implements was necessary for the extra cultivation. Let us deal with the case of a district now almost wholly in grass, and there are many such. Amongst others, we recently visited two farms some distance from Aberdeen of over 1,000 acres each. Beautiful land the whole of it was, but heavy to work, fine, wheat-growing land and excellent pasture, but risky for turnips. Up to 1872 there were 12 to 14 pairs of horses on each of the farms. One of them had a steam-ploughing tackle in addition. 35 to 45 hands were employed on each farm. Prices of grain went back. Seasons were bad, and one of the farms gradually went into grass, until in 1894 the farmer could not sell at 18s. per quarter the wheat which cost him 40s. to produce.

To prevent himself from being absolutely ruined, he put the whole of the farm down in grass, sold off his horses and implements, sold even his dairy cows and bought his milk, keeping only two shepherds and a boy. There has not been a plough furrow turned on this farm for 23 years. He turned grazier against his will; his country turned him grazier, because it did not require his grain. He manured his grass land scientifically and well with bone meal and basic slag, grassed about 500 cattle and 1,200 to 1,500 sheep annually, and made a comfortable profit all the time. He was a business farmer and adapted himself to circumstances.

He was asked in 1918 to plough up land and grow grain, but he said, "My past experience is too much for me." (He was considerably over 70 years of age). "I'll leave it to the younger men." Can you blame him? About 35 hands had been displaced from this one farm, and ten of them were married men with families.

And this is not all by any means. The displacement killed many other rural trades, saddlers, blacksmiths, joiners, small shopkeepers, etc., and all helped to make us a nation of unskilled labourers, and partly accounts for the low percentage of our men who know a trade. People who have lived among the Germans state that a large proportion of their rural population know a trade, in many cases two.

EGDON HEATH AND AN ENGLISH HAVEN.

THERE is, if we remember rightly, a passage in one of the early chapters of 'The Return of the Native,' in which the author reflects upon the impermutability of nature with special reference to the unchang-

ing face of Egdon Heath. Standing in the centre of Egdon, he tells us, nothing can be seen to remind us of the superficial activities of human kind, but an aged highway and a still more aged barrow. Yearning for something upon which the revolutionary hand of the great war had not been laid and for something which should show no sign of that modern expansion of England symbolised in the outer suburbs of London and the populous promenade of seaside resorts in August, we ascertained the other day that Egdon Heath might be reached on foot from a certain station on the London and South Western Railway and set forth accordingly. Arriving at the station we alighted and tried to believe that we were in Dorset. This preliminary effort had to be made, for it is not easy to believe, anywhere to-day, that one is actually in England and not in some nightmare conception of the modern State according to Mr. Sidney Webb. A bit of England there was undoubtedly quite close at hand—nothing less than the ancestral manor house of those D'Urbervilles, who lie buried at Kingsbere, a house with Dorset writ large upon every stone. And there, too, was the bridge which Tess saw when she came upon her luckless errand under the lovingly malignant guidance of her creator. Our satisfaction was only slightly dashed on perceiving what Tess (luckier than we in that respect), did not on that occasion see, namely, a number of huts of the kind which indicate that the bureaucracy has been there before us. They fronted the manor house and considerably impaired the pleasant Dorset feeling we were on the point of acquiring. Turning regretfully from the home of the D'Urbervilles we began to climb towards Egdon, wondering from time to time why so many British officers of the kind that are left in the army to-day—apparently because they are not wanted elsewhere—should be travelling in the same direction in miscellaneous vehicles the sole common attribute of which was to be driven by petrol at Government expense.

And then we arrived upon the outskirts of Egdon—the brooding, sinister and so terribly permanent fastness of nature, a place fitter to remind us of geology and protoplasm and things like that than of mere man who "comes and tills the field and lies beneath." What we saw up there will be well known to all our military specialists, but is possibly strange to the majority of folk for whom Egdon is still consecrated to Eustacia and Wildeve and Granfer Cattle and the Reddeman. It was nothing less than hundreds of tanks of all shapes and sizes. Half Egdon has become a playground for tanks. Tanks were setting to partners and performing quadrilles upon a rolling waste from which every vestige of herbage and most of the soil had been swept bare. Half Egdon was a hideous white scar, as naked as the face of the moon, flanked with houses where the tanks live (houses which are apparently still being built to accommodate still more tanks). And where once the wind swept over the hollows, giving a voice, a note of its own, to Egdon, we saw picture-houses and the temples of Sir Arthur Yapp.

So much for the impermutability of nature. The shock of it will remain with us for some time. We went to find Eustacia with her hour-glass and her telescope and her beacon, and we found the tanks. It took the heart out of the enterprise. We failed after that, from sheer lack of spirit, to identify either the aged highway or the still more aged barrow. We just walked straight on to Kingsbere, disregarding frequent notices to the effect that one was liable to be shot if one abandoned the safe highway. Did it really matter much after all if one were shot? Our mind was full of the names of the new captains of industry who had apparently bought every landscape in Sussex, Hampshire, and Dorset, which we had admired in the last few days; of saw-mills still at work in the heart of devastated forests; of purring automobiles upon every highway, telling of wealth and power transferred to the detriment of all concerned; of the sprawling August beaches down by the desecrated sea; of the atmosphere of improvidence, luxury and transition in which England has now been enwrapped for nearly twelve months; of the terrible inertia of the huge machine of war symbolised in the monstrous activity of those dere-

lict, but by no means quiescent, tanks on Egdon. And the question intruded repeatedly: If not even Egdon is permanent, what of England herself, which by comparison was the creation of yesterday?

It was a bad mood, and it lasted until we were home again. Home for the moment means a lonely haven on the South Coast, where two rivers meet by the sea, rivers which run up into the heart of the beginnings of England. We are rowed from the more or less inhabited shore to a lonely spit between the wild estuary on one side and the wilder sea on the other. Upon one side we view one of the more ancient priories of England; upon another we view the promontory where Hengist landed and dug himself into the soil; upon another yet we view the great lanterns which light the fairway to an ancient harbour. It is an excellent home in which to recover from loss of faith. We can remember here that England has suffered before from war, from insubordination, from the possession of power by the baser sort, from economic hardship, from social unrest, from parliaments, from opportunist statesmanship, from the hand of the iconoclast and spoiler among her treasures. It is possible in this haven, with English history whispering at the ear and the English simplicities of land and sea close at hand, to believe that the scar of Egdon will be healed, and that even a worse scar, such as lies upon the coast over the hill where all the inanities of the modern watering-place are spread sumptuously forth for the delectation of a spendthrift and almost bankrupt nation, will be as forgotten as the gin-palaces of the industrial revolution. England is larger than her modern cities and the English coast is more extensive than her modern watering-places. There are still roads where it is impossible to meet a Rolls-Royce; half Egdon, at least, still belongs to Mr. Hardy's Wessex; and here in this little haven Englishmen still go down to the sea in ships. England has survived so much that, here at least, we can firmly believe that she will survive even the more vulgar consequences of the war.

COLERIDGE.

"NOR appear'd less than Archangel ruin'd"—the quotation is inevitable whenever one thinks of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Lamb's version, "an Archangel a little damaged," is characteristically kinder. But in any form it is all a fallacy, for he never was an archangel. The tragedy of Coleridge was the gulf, not between what he was and what he had been, but between what he was and what he should have been. He did not fall from heaven; he failed, pitifully and piteously, to reach the skies toward which destiny had winged his flight.

Greatness is a perilous gift, for Nature tends always to an average. We all add up to much the same total. What the great Mother gives lavishly with one hand, she balances by subtracting with the other. Beethoven was a master of sounds—but he was deaf; Milton was a master of vision—but he was blind; Shelley was a pure aspiring spirit—but had his starred and silver wings dragged in the mire. Of Coleridge we may say this, that in no other man have such varied and abundant powers of mind been so tragically frustrated by such painful poverty of will. He had power to become anything, and will to become nothing. Look, in the early portraits, at the great brow and luminous eyes, and you feel that to the young Coleridge as to no other can be applied the matchless prose of Hamlet: "What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!" But look at the large loose mouth, the feeble formless chin, and you see that "this quintessence of dust" is dust indeed, this paragon of animals is animal, even though the paragon. Like the theme of a tragic symphony, there runs through all his story a cry of the heart, "This body that does me grievous wrong." At first under the stimulus of opium he could kindle into the magic radi-

ance of 'The Ancient Mariner,' 'Kubla Khan,' and the first part of 'Christabel,' but never again did that splendence come. He wrote much, both in verse and prose, despite an indolence as massive as his powers. Most of it lives now merely as part of a legend. To turn from the Coleridge apostrophised by Lamb, adored by the young De Quincey, deified, almost, by the young Hazlitt, and beset from youth to age by a crowd of tranced and eager listeners—to turn from all this to the fragments that remain is like trying to hear the voice of a dead singer in the faltering praises of some ancient admirer. You seek for the magical Coleridge of legend, and you get something—a glimpse of strange jewelled lights, a strain of wild unearthly music, a few faint intimations of deep mystical wisdom; and then the mists close round, the music becomes a murmur, and the wisdom lapses into profitless obscurity.

If, then, we are to read Coleridge with profit, we must remember that in no extant work is there any full revelation of his powers. We can point to no 'Hamlet,' or 'Advancement of Learning,' or 'Paradise Lost,' or 'Religio Medici,' and say "Thus, or thus, was Coleridge." The three poems named above are exceptional in almost all respects, and represent the sole profit he got from his "anodyne"; the rest of his verse, save where it has a pathetic, autobiographical interest, is practically negligible; and the great mass of fragmentary prose has to be carefully sifted for its gold. Our purpose in this paper is to urge that this sifting is highly remunerative. Coleridge's weakness of will was palpable in two shapes—*laudanum* and German philosophy. Without excess of insularity we may curse the day when Coleridge learned the rather unpleasant language of our late foes. German is the language, not of profundity, but of obscurity. It is difficult not to be obscure in German, and it is easy to pretend to be profound. Macaulay once tried Kant, and understood nothing but a quotation from Persius. We do not wish to exaggerate the importance of Macaulay, or to cite him as a valid critic of philosophy; but we must urge that Macaulay could read almost anything, and that his protest against obscurity comes with authority from a man who never left his readers in any doubt about his meaning. Yet obscurity has its fascination for many; and so Coleridge, with his feeble will enfeebled more by opium, found that his indolent hand could easily borrow from Schelling or another obscurities enough to impose as profundities upon the English readers among whom the name of Kant was beginning to be whispered with awe. And when he did not borrow their matter, he could always borrow their manner. To the end of his life he deluded himself with the idea that at any moment he could produce his great 'Summa Philosophiae' or 'Five Treatises on the Logos, Human and Divine,' in two volumes of "not less than six hundred pages each," but whatever that work may have been in his mind (and no man was mentally better equipped for a critical philosophy of philosophies or a critique of philosophical criticism), reduced to a paper prospectus, the threatened *magnum opus* had a bleak and foggy air of coming from the latitude of Königsberg. Some matter, presumably intended for this treatise, was taken down in later years from the poet-philosopher's dictation; but his grandson, who reports upon it, is careful not to exaggerate its value.

There is another misfortune. Much of Coleridge comes to us at second-hand. A cloud of witnesses can be summoned to declare the wonder of his conversational monologues and the compelling charm of his personality, but the proffered evidence is not always convincing and the witnesses not always trustworthy. There are the Gillmans, and the Cottles, and the Allsops, and the rest who are like industrious pygmies busily measuring themselves against a Titan whose upraised head is lost in the clouds. From them we get *personalities* of varying value, but they are a poor substitute for Coleridge himself, whose real autobiography or 'Growth of a Poet's Mind,' related with the relentless tenacity of Wordsworth's 'Prelude,' is among the most desirable of unwritten books. Then for the 'Lectures' we have to rely largely upon the notes of J. P. Collier,

whose antecedents are not reassuring; and for the 'Table Talk' we have to rely upon the memory of Henry Nelson Coleridge, whose piety was irreproachable, but who seems to have been most concerned with those utterances of his uncle that illustrated this piety. Now it must be said that Coleridge's theological pronouncements, once so admired and influential, are the least valuable and important of his contributions to the stock of ideas. He lived too soon to be a permanent influence in religion. His flexible (not to say, flaccid) spirit needed something firm and fixed to cling to, and so he lapsed from the uncertain Unitarianism of his youth into what seemed the comparative rigidity of Anglicanism. But the Anglicanism of the twenties and thirties was itself in a state of subsidence, and no one can now recommend the 'Aids to Reflection' or 'Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit,' to devotees either of Coleridge, or of Anglicanism. The 'Tracts for the Times' began to appear in the year of his death. Had Coleridge been born thirty years later, would he have passed on with Newman to the comfortable certitudes of Rome? But the greatest of all these vain and saddening questions is even more personal. What difference would it have made to Coleridge—and so to English literature—if, instead of stumbling into that unhappy misalliance with poor Sarah Fricker, he had married the one woman in all the world exactly fitted to be his wife—dear, exquisite Dorothy Wordsworth? There can be few sentences in our language more quietly moving than the entry in her journal under a date in February, 1802: "We broke the seal of Coleridge's letters, and I had light enough just to see that he was not ill. I put it in my pocket. At the top of the White Moss I took it to my bosom—a safer place for it." Poor Coleridge!

But it is time to forget his failures and to remember his accomplishments. His direct and kindling influence upon all who saw and heard him is indefinite and immeasurable, but it is a fact that has influenced the course of our literature—we know, for instance, that Wordsworth, Hazlitt and De Quincey were different men after they met him. He is the father of philosophical criticism in this country, and his best work in this line has never been surpassed. There can be no finer discipline of mind and taste than a careful reading of the opening and closing chapters of 'Biographia Literaria' with the early poems of Wordsworth at hand as the text of the discourse. Then turn to the volume of 'Miscellanies' (containing that suggestive little essay on Style, with its appended paragraph on Prose, which is one of Coleridge's finest pronouncements) and, next, to the 'Lectures on Shakespeare.' They are all fragments, but they are fragments of rich worth. After that, a reader may feel tempted to attack the reprinted 'Friend,' which will certainly infuriate him, but which will teach him a great deal. And then, as inexhaustible collections of varied wisdom, there are the aphoristic memoranda, 'Table Talk' and 'Anima Poetæ.' At the risk of an anti-climax, we will refer for a moment to other volumes of his not usually read now, the 'Essays on His Own Times' containing a reprint of the political articles contributed to the *Morning Post*, and other papers from 1798 to 1809. There is much excellent matter here, but surely it was wasted on Daniel Stuart and his like?

THE PELMANIAC.

By nature I'm lowly,
I like to go slowly;
My aim is extinction of self.
My friends kept declaring
My absence of daring,
Combined with my modest and diffident bearing,
Would keep me for life on the shelf.

No measures could cure me,
No efforts secure me,
The prize of a place in the Sun,
Till Pelman's invention
Compelled my attention;
My modesty almost forbids me to mention
What wonderful change has begun!

Under Pelman's tuition,
My humble condition
Was rapidly brought to a close;
Whilst I studied his courses
My brilliant resources
Soon won me renown in His Majesty's forces:
From the ranks like a rocket I rose.

From reading the Grey Books
I understood Pay-books;
My time as a private was brief;
My rapid promotion
Engenders the notion,
Which will cause through the country concern
and commotion
That I'll soon be Commander-in-Chief!

I've tried in succession
Each trade and profession;
I cannot go wrong if I try.
I'm richer, I'm wiser,
Than pundit or miser;
In a national crisis, I act as adviser,
The Hope of the Nation am I.

O ye who go slowly,
Who like to stay lowly,
Be sure to let Grey Books alone;
If devoid of ambition,
Reject their tuition,
And fly to some country of no competition,
Where the system of Pelman's unknown.

CORRESPONDENCE

LABOUR AND SECRET DIPLOMACY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Political history, past and current, abounds in instances to prove that no one in the world is so autocratically disposed—once he gets the chance—as your professed democrat of a certain type. The phenomenon has its latest illustration in the resolve of the group of political theorists, who stand for Labour on the Royal Commission now investigating the costs of agricultural production, not to "yield to popular clamour" for the opening of the doors of that mysteriously secretive body. When the Commission, before taking evidence, discussed on July 30 the question of the admission or exclusion of the Press, the Labour group voted solidly for publicity. A tie of ten votes all resulted, and the Chairman's casting vote was given for secrecy.

"Popular clamour"—in the shape of protests voiced by men of all parties in Parliament, in the Press, at farmers' meetings throughout the country, and (here is the joke) in the Labour journals—at once became vociferous against the inexpedient policy of secrecy, or rather semi-secrecy, in a matter of vital interest and urgent national importance. But when, on August 19 in view of the universal objections to that policy, the question came up for re-consideration at the Commission, this same Labour group voted for secrecy just as solidly as they had voted for publicity three weeks before. These autocratic "democrats," it appears scorned "popular clamour." The doors meanwhile remain closed, and sober agriculturists continue to wonder what is really going on behind them.

I am, Sir, yours truly

ONE WHO KNOWS.

"LABOUR" RAILWAYS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Noting your remarks about the kind of railways produced by Labour Governments, and reflecting that an ounce of demonstration is worth a pound of theory, I send you an extract from Mark Twain's book 'More Tramps Abroad,' which includes his visit to Australia as a lecturer. At that time he had seen a good deal of the world, knew men and cities, and wrote with the freedom of an unusually independent critic.

Chapter 34 records some remarks about the branch line to Maryborough, Australia, exchanged between Mark Twain and a young man studying for the Ministry. The young man explains as follows:—"The Government chooses to do its railway business in its own way, and it doesn't know as much about it as the French. In the beginning they tried idiots; then they imported the French—which was going backwards, you see; now it runs the roads itself, which is going backwards again, you see. Why, do you know, in order to curry favour with the voters, the Government puts down a road wherever anybody wants it—anybody that owns two sheep and a dog; and by consequence we've got, in the colony of Victoria, 800 railway stations, and the business done at 80 of them doesn't foot up twenty shillings a week."

"Five dollars? Oh, come!"

"It's true. It's the absolute truth."

"Why, there are three or four men on wages at every station."

"I know it. And the station business doesn't pay for the sheep-dip to sanctify their coffee with. It's just as I say. And accommodating? Why, if you shake a rag the train will stop in the midst of the wilderness to pick you up. All that kind of politics costs, you see. And then, besides, any town that has a good many votes and wants a fine station, gets it. Don't you overlook that Maryborough station, if you take an interest in Governmental curiosities. Why, you can put the whole population of Maryborough into it, and give them a sofa apiece, and have room for more."

The young man goes on to explain that, as the Government builds uselessly palatial stations, it has to save in the rolling stock, and produces "passenger-kennels: cheap, poor, shabby, slovenly; no drinking water, no sanitary arrangements, every imaginable inconvenience, and slow? oh, the gait of cold molasses; no air-brake, no springs, and they'll jolt your heads off every time they start or stop."

There is more worry for the traveller, but this may suffice to show what Government of the Australian type is led into.

Mark Twain, I may add, knew all about freedom. He says in one of the maxims attached as mottoes to 'More Tramps Abroad':—

"It is by the goodness of God that in our country we have these three unspeakably precious things: freedom of speech, freedom of conscience, and the prudence never to practise either of them."

Yours faithfully,

A. H.

Royal Societies Club.

HIS MAJESTY'S OPPOSITION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—A modern satirist has told us that "the world is better carried on upon the barrister principle of special pleading upon two sides before an impartial, ignorant tribunal, to whom things have to be explained, than it would be if nobody were to maintain any opinion in which he did not personally believe." Relying on these principles in the past, the ordinary man has tolerated the debates of politicians, and even supposed them to be useful. If there is one thing that emerges from the present failure of Government, it is surely the necessity of the revival of parties, or, at any rate, an effective opposition in Parliament. The Coalition has done—and left undone—what it likes, and the country has got into a state in which it expects Mr. Lloyd George to come along with some sudden and brilliant expedient—devised the day before yesterday—to put everything right.

I am well aware that politicians are necessary, but a constitutional claim to respect, extensive authority, and (in the House of Lords) a partial expectation of hereditary virtues will not prevent a plain man from speaking his mind on the follies of a Government which—worse than the got-rich-quick spenders of money acquired through the War—is busy spending money which it hasn't got. Ministers appear to think, as Disraeli said of Palmerston, that "posterity is a packhorse,

always ready to be loaded." Posterity, however, will have to look after itself. We have enough to do in considering our present ruined state. How are those of us who are not manual labourers going to make a living at all? *La peur de vivre* is a dire and distressing disease which will bring the country down, even if all the Collectivists succeed in putting us all into neat little classified pigeon-holes. Many are getting that fear now, and who can blame them?

I admire Mr. Lloyd George, as you do, for certain great qualities; in particular, for an optimism and a way of getting things done which carried us through the War. But the War justified rough and ready methods which cannot be tolerated now. The plain man says that the present system of Government has failed badly, and he would like to know if it is the only possible one.

Yours faithfully,

W. H. J.

FREEMEN, SAVE THE STATE!

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—There is a rather ludicrous misprint in my letter on the above subject in your last week's issue. I did not express the belief that a few old miners might be bribed "to brain" the new miners, but to "train" them, though I am afraid the former would be more likely to happen than the latter.

Yours faithfully,

G. H. B.

AFFILIATED HOME RULE FOR SCOTLAND AND ULSTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The letter under the above heading which appeared in your issue of the 23rd fills one with surprise and some amusement. But why does the writer disguise his or her authority under the initials D. K.? Surely such a bold statement as the opening sentence needs a better backing—and I venture to think that the writer either ignores his subject, or is carried away by his personal bias.

As an "Irishman" myself, I have never heard that by general consensus we are unable to govern Ireland on the present system, nor, I should think, has anybody else. These sort of letters, read by those who do not know the country, do an immense amount of harm, and it is only proper that they should be contradicted.

Granted that there are "disturbances" amongst the lower classes in Ireland, it is merely because the law is not enforced, and, as a fact, one has only to turn to the papers to see that much the same is happening in England—and for much the same reasons. We are still much demoralised by the effects of the war, but does any sane person suppose that because of this we are to change our whole system of Government? I do not suppose that the "long memories" which your correspondent mentions with pride are peculiar to the Irish. Probably on this side the Channel they are as good, and the names of "Wexford" and "Scullabogue" are not forgotten. As for the insult of "No Irish need apply," I can only say that in most large "Irish" houses it is the rule to secure, if possible, "English servants" for the excusable reason that Irish servants are "unsatisfactory," as a rule; and it is this which perhaps has led the advertisers in England to insert the words your correspondent complains of. "Quien sabe?" Perhaps once bitten, twice shy, in any case. Each man is free to employ whom he pleases, regrettable, no doubt, though the "qualification" may be.

I must leave to abler pens than mine the task of analysing and commenting upon H.B.'s proposal to divide the country up into small "kingdoms"—each governed, I assume, by some petty potentate! The letter irresistibly reminds one of the lines of Byron:—

"The modest Bard like many a Bard unknown,
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own.
Well, whosoe'er he be, to say no worse,
His name had brought more credit than his verse."

I am, yours truly,

A CROMWELLIAN USURPER.

"CORRUPTIO OPTIMI PESSIMA."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sir,—A gentleman who hides his identity under the initials R.V.W. writes to you (August 23) and ends his letter with the tag I have taken as a heading. He has a good deal to say about the tyranny of Trades Unions, and is, of course, quite entitled to his opinion.

I submit, however, that he has no right to insult our old and faithful ally Portugal, as he does in his letter.

Neither does he do wisely, as it seems to me, to insult the Republics of S. America. I have passed almost a lifetime in them, and fail to discover any reason whatever for his gross insult. The South American cowboys are perhaps the most important of the world, and it is surely bad policy to write of the citizens or of the whole body politic of all the republics in an insulting manner.

May I ask your correspondent who stabs from behind the cloak of initials one or two questions? Was not Brazil a faithful and powerful ally during the war? Can she be fairly alluded to as being on a low level? Can the Argentine Republic, or Uruguay, Chile or Peru?

These little ebullitions of temper do infinite harm in foreign countries.

It is in vain to say the writer, besides being afraid to sign his name, is probably not a man of national importance.

The answer is, "his letter appeared in a high-class newspaper and was never contradicted. Is it thus that your people think not only of my country, but of all the countries of the continent?"

Yours faithfully,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

185, Bath Street, Glasgow.

WHEAT AND BREAD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sir,—The present price of a mixture of English and foreign wheat is 80s. per 480lbs. or 37s. per sack of 224lbs.

224lbs. of wheat will produce 168lbs. of flour and 56 lbs. of offal, worth 6s., a good margin for manufacture and profit for the miller. Therefore the miller should be able to sell his flour at 37s. per 168 lbs. to the baker.

168lbs. of flour will produce 54 loaves of bread, which at 11d. a loaf comes to 49s. 6d., a margin of 12s. 6d. for manufacture and profit to the baker. Therefore the economical price of bread at 80s. per 480lbs. is 11d. per loaf, not 13d. as stated in the SATURDAY REVIEW. Also in order to sell the loaf at 9d. wheat need not fall lower than 65—6 per 480lbs., not 42s.

Yours faithfully,

I. HEATLEY.

Eaton-on-Tern, Wellington, Salop.

August 26, 1919.

WHERE IS OUR PUBLICITY EXPERT?

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It seems to me that one powerful reason for the continued senseless strikes and decrease of production, is the gross ignorance and lack of all vision of the "proletariat," for which the Government is very much to blame.

It is not sufficient to tell the workman that he must produce more; it is necessary to show him also, and very clearly, how he will be personally affected, if he does not. Warnings about "national bankruptcy" are abstractions to the worker. How does bankruptcy affect him, who has nothing, he may well ask. Tell him and prove to him that, unless he works harder, hunger and nakedness will be his lot instead of the lunatic millenium that labour agitators, half fools, and half knaves, are preaching, and he will gradually see the light of commonsense.

The British worker is not a fool nor a dreamer, and if the facts are put to him in plain simple language, he will form his own conclusions. Our Ministry of

Labour should not lose a moment in printing and distributing posters up and down the land containing Mr. Hoover's statements to the Supreme Economic Council.

They are so serious that every person who can read and also possesses some reflective powers, must be profoundly impressed with the gravity of the present international economic position.

Your obedient servant,

F. E. COE.

"COURT CARDS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In Martin Luther's 'Table Talk' one finds the following bold, if somewhat crude, counsel that "God regards ungodly great Potentates, Kings and Princes, even as children regard playing at Cards. While they play and have good cards they hold them in their hands; then, afterwards when they have bad cards they are weary of them, and throw them under the bench. Just so doth God with Great Potentates. While they are in the Government and rule well he holds them for good; but so soon as they do exceed and govern ill, then he throws them down from their Seat, as Mary sings, and there he lets them lie. . . . God hath taken up and gathered together a fine and glorious Game at Cards, all of mighty Potentates, as Emperors, Kings, Princes, etc.; they scuffle and fight with one another, touching which, said Luther, I could show many examples done in our time."

(Touching which, we might add, we could show even greater examples in these later days!)

"The Pope," said Melancthon, "for the space of these certain hundred years hath been held for the principal Head of Christendom. When he did but wink or hold up one finger so must the Emperors, Kings and Princes have humbled themselves and feared; insomuch that he was Lord of all Lords, King of all Kings on Earth; yea, he was an earthly God. But now comes Almighty God, throws down the Pope and wins that Great King with the ace (Luther) and there he lies." "If I were rich," Melancthon goes on to say, "I would have artificially made me a game of cards and a chess-board all of gold and silver in remembrance of God's Game of Cards, which are all great and mighty Emperors, Kings and Princes, where he always thrusteth out one through another. . . . The Emperor is the King in the game, at last comes our Lord God, divides the game and beats the Pope with Luther (he is the ace)."

What an epitome of the late war! In that "fine and glorious game at Cards" which has been played on the burning soil of so many countries of Europe we have indeed seen many potentates thrown down from their seats and we all must recognise the supreme Disposer of the great "game" or battle between the forces of progress and right, and those of retrogression and of evil, but there are undoubtedly many divergent opinions as to who represents to-day that trump card "the ace," who "throws down the Pope and there he lies". Mr. Churchill, in his recent eulogy of Mr. Lloyd George, reminds us very much of Melancthon and his comfortable assurance that "Luther is the ace" with which all the evils of his day were to be set right; and we must all hope that in the present great "scuffle and fight with one another" which is now going on such a Trump Card may be found; always remembering that behind all governors is that Power that weighs good and evil in inexorable balance, and that whilst "they rule well he holds them for good," but that when "they do exceed and govern ill," sooner or later they will be thrown down from their seat. We may even go so far, in that case, as to echo Melancthon's pious wish—and say, there let them lie!

Yours faithfully,

BEATRICE M. BELLIN.

THE PROTECTION OF OUR BIRDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—After carefully examining the recent Departmental Report of the Committee in the Protection of Wild Birds, I saw how very wrong was the current

impression that Laputa is a remote island, set in an uncharted sea. Everybody knows who has kept his eyes open and read Mr. Hugh Gladstone's 'Birds and the War' as well, that the casualties of the bird population during the war were extremely heavy—as heavy as the experiments of the Board of Agriculture in the intensive cultivation of insect pests were successful. One of the worst winters within living memory was followed by one of the worst exhibitions of stupid and ignoble panic that the war produced. At the end of 1918, I remember walking for days and miles over a large district in the South of England and finding not a single nest of the year uncovered in the hedges and ditches. The "experts" of the Board of Agriculture had seen to that. Meanwhile, singing birds were appearing in "the shop of Stupidity Street"; many of the laws protecting rarer species were abrogated; eggs of all kinds were earmarked for food; sea-birds were slaughtered in thousands; the skylark was branded as "farm-vermin"; the officials eagerly pointed to the hedges for boys to smash *sparrows'* nests in them, and while our young men were dying like flies in Flanders, a contemptible and cowardly hostility to all warm-blooded creatures with wings that could not defend themselves declared itself. Then the war came to an end, and the Cockney sportsman was free once more to display his powers in potting kingfishers, etc.; the gamekeeper buckled himself again to butchering not only crows, magpies, jays, hawks, owls, etc., but as often as not any species that the taxidermists could bribe him to procure, and lastly, one of the greatest heroes of them all—the "private collector"—once again devoted himself to the congenial task of exterminating our rarer species, in order to be able to boast to others of his kidney that he had more stuffed skins and bits of coloured shell than they had. And in the background hovers the devilish figure of the plume-trader, waiting until he has swept four continents clear of their winged glory, their wardens from famine and disease, to pounce upon and annihilate ours. Such is the picture, and over against it stand the human feeling for the life and beauty of the world, the self-respect of the human race—and famine.

It might then have been supposed that the Committee would have realised its urgent responsibilities—especially as itself has pointed out that the up-to-date method of polishing birds off is by bombs and machine-guns. There were no difficulties and there was one plain, courageous and effective plan before them. That was to protect all our wild birds *whether on private or public land*—with the exception of a "black list" of "destructive" birds. Personally, I do not believe in this "black list," partly because of my firm conviction (supported by many of our best scientists) that the services of all our wild birds outweigh any damage they may do; partly because I detest the ugly, utilitarian spirit which looks upon all birds in terms not so much of crops as the cash to be got out of them; partly because even the sparrow, the one generally admitted harmful species, feeds its young on grubs and insects and breeds steadily on from early spring to autumn, and the wood-pigeon (a debatably harmful species) is a terror to the hairy caterpillar. Sparrows are, of course, far too numerous, but that is Nature getting her own back for the idiotic slaughter of the finer and more useful species. Lastly, I hold the outrageous faith that birds have rights, just as human beings have rights, and that these rights, so far from conflicting, are mutually beneficial in the design and economy of creation. Nevertheless, I admit that a "black list" in the present stage of unenlightened public opinion is the only practical policy and the only secure method of protection. For I am very certain that knowledge and inquiry would make that "black list" exceedingly small. But what does the Report propose? It proposes that certain selected species shall be protected *on public land*; the rest are to take their chance. *On private land* (viz.: most of England) the owner or leaseholder is still to exercise his "right" of killing what birds he pleases. The other day I was passing over some allotments sown with potatoes alone. A dozen blackbirds and thrushes (whose beaks in the

course of evolution and natural selection had been specially modified to serve as spades for digging up potatoes) were hanging from wires fastened to poles stuck in the ground. I hardly think the Report needs further discussion. Sunday protection, perches on lighthouses, local sanctuaries, the scheduling of a few more species, etc.—this is so much playing with the subject. The Committee dares not interfere with the really dangerous and powerful destroyers, and accordingly the Committee (and the birds with it) stand condemned.

Yours, etc.,
H. J. MASSINGHAM.

August 29th, 1919.

WHITE HORSES.

To the Editor of The SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The writer of your amusing comments on the virtues of "Melmanism" (July 26th, p. 77.) represents a Pelmanist restored to normal vision by Melmanism as writing:—"It seems but yesterday when I could not go for a walk without noting every white horse which I met, and remarking in particular the angle of its ears to its head."

I judge that your writer, being a Melmanist, has forgotten the colour of the horses he meets, or has had exceptional luck. He might walk 100 miles in London without meeting a single white horse in the streets. I at least, who am constantly accused by my friends of too much observation, have during the last ten years seen only three white horses in London—two just outside London Bridge, and one recently ridden by a female who might have played the rôle of Joan of Arc, and who was, perhaps, preparing for some procession.

When did the white horse become rare? The pictures of the Wouvermans during the early part of the seventeenth century have presented for us a number of such horses. In the days of horsed buses in London, I have seen, if I remember right, white horses once or twice, but the pervading colour has been chestnut. Races have been, I think, very seldom won by white animals. Are we to conclude that horses with such pigmentation are inferior for the purposes of racing to those of the bay or chestnut variety, and so have dropped out? I do not know; I ask for information from readers who have special knowledge. Horses which win races would not necessarily be ideal creatures, because they may by a careful process of parentage represent a stock greater in speed than in endurance.

Virgil ('Georgic' III., 81), ranks white horses among the worst: "color deterrimus albis." The horses of 'Aeneid,' XII., 84, were, it is true, whiter than snow and swifter than the winds, but were probably copied from those of Rhesus in Iliad X, 437. I believe the ex-Kaiser rode a white horse on ceremonial occasions, like the conqueror in Revelation, VI., 2; and the colour is obviously showy in a procession.

I have not within my reach Prof. Ridgeway's book on 'The Origin and the Influence of the Thoroughbred Horse,' which might explain how far the chargers, racers, and hunters of to-day have been modified by the Arab stock. The word "barb," indicates a horse from Barbary.—Yours faithfully,

PHILIPPUS.

'THE YOUNG VISITERS.'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Having heard that a contributor to the SATURDAY REVIEW takes up the position that it is Barrie himself who is the author of 'The Young Visitors,' and as I also think he is the writer of it, I should like to add my reasons for coming to this same conclusion. Let me state that I have neither read the article, or heard any quotation from it. Barrie is not the first author who has endeavoured thus to hide his identity. My view is that he has tried to play a clever joke on his readers just to see how far people can be fooled.

The book certainly is clever—too insinuatingly clever to be the work of any child of nine.

I shall note some of the things which I think show the mark of an older hand than Daisy Ashford's, even though as a blind. The style adopted may seem childish from some points of view, though in reality often verging on impropriety.

Barrie pretends in the Preface to admire the "smug" face of the writer, but is the child nice who would "steal in and examine all the articles on your dressing-table?"

Many of the incidents, descriptions and expressions savour far more of to-day than of the Victorian period. The "going up to London for a little gaiety" suggests very much the Flapper and young officer of war days. Bernard, when inviting Mr. Salteena to visit, says, "Bring one of your young ladies." Victorian girls with such liberty were not so commonly plentiful. Were "sugar cakes" (the small 2d. cake I take them to be) in vogue in Victorian days, and "purple silk curtains" and "shampoos" ready to hand in dressing rooms, and "black and white alpaca coats to keep off dust and flies"? and doesn't "a pale brown suit" sound very up-to-date? Also was "lets" a Victorian expression or "piffle"? As an instance of a joke intent I would quote Mr. Salteena sitting down to "the egg which Ethel had laid for him," and as another "Good luck and God bless you he added on a pious tone." "Not at all," said Mr. Salteena.

How comes it also that Daisy Ashford uses one expression of Barrie's own—the crowds "oozed" into the streets of London?

Then I hold that Ethel is a most disagreeably precocious child; but in this I think Barrie is again just testing us.

What nice child ever heard of the expression, "The wrong side of the blanket"? or what child notes "speaking looks"? "Bernard blushes a deep shade at his own thoughts"? As for the Proposal, it is a take-off of the Penny Novel style, and too nastily precocious for any child.

These are some of my reasons for doubting the alleged authorship of 'The Young Visitors.'

S. D.

[Surely the little book is not Victorian.—Ed. S.R.]

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—As you rightly remark, Sir James Barrie can hardly be the author of 'The Young Visitors.' I note that (1) he expressly says he is not, (2) a facsimile of the original MS. is given, (3) a photograph of the author is included, and expressly referred to by Sir James as squaring with the author's qualities. Nothing in the book is beyond a clever child, and those who think so must have a very insufficient acquaintance with the precocity of children in the twentieth century. There appears to be more than one Roman Catholic touch in the narrative—a side of thought with which one does not associate Sir James Barrie. As for the humour, it is chiefly of the sort which proceeds from a child verging unconsciously on immorality for the benefit of adults with fuller knowledge. This kind of fun soon grows stale. I like some of the touches in the book, but I cannot regard it as very amusing. Messrs. Lucas and Morrow on the War, for one book, provide more entertainment.

Yours faithfully,

OLD PEN.

KIPLING AND AN IMITATOR.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—“H. G. W. H.” is quite wrong in asserting that Light Cavalry were known as “Light Bobs.” The 2nd Battalion the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, when the 57th Foot (afterwards the 46th—South Devonshire—Regiment of Foot), were nicknamed “Light Bobs” during the American War in 1777. The Bengal Artillery wore a dark blue uniform, similar to that of the Royal Artillery.

Yours faithfully,

G. F. BACON.

The Yorick Club, 20, Cranbourn Street, W.1.

REVIEWS

THE CLASSICS AND POETRY.

The Classics in British Education. Ministry of Reconstruction. 2d.

The Poet's Craft: An Outline of English Verse Composition for Schools. By F. W. Felkin. The Author, University College School, Hampstead. 2s.

HERE, in one of the well-written pamphlets of the Ministry of Reconstruction, we get an official recognition of classical learning which has a distinct value. The time is one of shrewd and stark materialism when any support of spiritual things is precious, and when Arnold's definition of literature—"the best that has been thought and said in the world"—is being forgotten in the tickling of Demos and the more or less concealed manoeuvres of the arrivist. "The Greek and Latin classics form a part, and historically the most important part, of what are commonly known as the Humanities." In these old authors we find wisdom and good sense expressed in a better form than we can achieve with all our boasted civilisation. There is no stylist to-day equal to Plato, no literary artist worth mentioning in the same breath with any of the Greek tragedians. Indeed, we have no poetic drama at all, and what we had hardly maintains a place among the brainless titter and prevailing tinsel of our stage. Greek civilisation at its best has left an impress on us which we cannot get rid of if we would. Our men of science give Greek names to their discoveries, and tell us to give up Greek. Our world calls for a satirist like Juvenal, and we have none of any note at all, in verse or prose. The educational value of the classics is not denied, yet what is disputed to-day is their place in the curriculum at all. The writer points out that, while they are taught in public schools, in other schools they survive with difficulty. He emphasises clearly the mistake of regarding Greek and Latin as "dead languages." They will be alive so long as English lives. "The history and thought of Greece and Rome are far nearer to us, far more modern than the history and thought of the centuries from the second to the sixteenth of our era." They are still unexhausted springs of thought and inspiration, as Sir John Rees was pointing out the other day. The noblest and simplest of Greek epitaphs was happily echoed in the monument to our dead in South Africa. Greece and Rome represent the highest achievement in speculation and in action. The Romans, an intensely practical people, conquered the known world; the Greeks were much greater in theory than in practice. This being so, it might have been wise to lay more stress at the present day—a period of conquest and military achievement—on the qualities of Roman thought and literature, though Rome learnt much from Greece. The great poem of Lucretius remains the finest achievement of science in letters: it contains a better summary of the beginnings of man and civilisation than some we have seen applauded of recent years. Ruskin found in a single line of Horace the ideals of a gentleman. But these may nowadays be out of date and repute. Attention may be paid to the writer's argument that many of our public men would deal none the less wisely with the problems of to-day if they were steeped in the wisdom of Greece and Rome. Some of them might even be ashamed to find themselves mirrored in the Sausage Seller of Aristophanes and the doles to Demos, incisive humour which has been done into admirable English by Mr. Rogers. Translations can do much, and if the insurgent democracy has really taken to reading Plato's 'Republic,' it might get a hint of something beyond the scheming selfishness and blatant amateurishness of its admired leaders. In America, the land of statistics and elaborate educational research, the classics are far less favourably viewed than in this country, but, the writer points out, there is clear evidence that classical students easily surpass the non-classical in the all-round training of the citizen.

"The first object of education is the training of human beings in mind and character, as citizens of a free country." Thus the writer, in opposition to the crude cry of "Cash for Brains," which echoes the opinion of the lowest riff-raff of Rome, as recorded by Petronius in the days of Nero, and which makes the fortune of some sophists of the Press in the twentieth century. For some time the nation has been suffering from a plethora of cheap thought, which, like cheap claret, is an unsatisfactory vintage. A knowledge of the best traditions in life, art, and literature is sadly needed to raise the standards of discussion. We have Hebraism to inspire us, as well as Hellenism, and each has its special value. But the influence of Hebraism has been steadily declining of late years, though strongly supported by tradition. We have no Isaiah; only Mr. Bottomley, and the circulation of the *News of the World* may have long outstripped that of the New Testament. Hellenism remains a vital force to-day, but we are inclined to believe that it counts for little, because it has not been tried. It does not accord with shouting; and this is the age of shouts, shrieks, stunts.

In saying all this we are only on familiar ground, but the Philistines are upon us, and the official recognition of much that is Greek indeed to our leaders of to-day deserves full recognition. The writer of the Ministry's pamphlet makes his points well, and does not deal in colourless paraphrases.

What Mr. Felkin says of the poet's craft should be equally familiar to educated readers, but some of them have forgotten their training, and others never think of analysing in English poetry what they mastered in Greek and Latin. The classics provide us with the noblest examples of poetry, a great contrast to much that pours forth to-day from inspired pens. The new poetry prides itself on its break with tradition. We ought, we suppose, to cry in the spirit of Miranda:

"O brave new world,
That hath such people in't!"

But we are frankly inclined to analyse, to ask where precisely are the emotion, powers of expression, charm, fundamental brain-work. What seems clear to us is that many writers of to-day have not the faintest idea of metre and metrical rules. They have never heard of trochees, much less of dactyls or cæsura, and their jangling lines may be as much the result of ignorance as of premeditated discords. Of course, there are practitioners above such rules, who, the old fageys grumble, ought to pay words extra for the strain they put upon them. But with all allowance for the novelties of the present which may be the commonplaces and delights of the future, we think a brief manual of English metres founded on classical usage quite a useful thing to-day. Mr. Felkin's modest outline of 'The Poet's Craft' is such a guide, and, though originally meant for schoolboys, it is also fitted for many a budding bard of maturer years. It might even induce him to give some of his efforts to the emending flames, as better men have done, before rushing into the permanency of print. The examples given are clear and effective, and technical terms are well explained without pedantry. We generally agree with Mr. Felkin's verdicts, but we do not think a sensitive, classical ear would discover many good hexameters, either in English or in German. But such efforts have at least a semblance of metre, and are free from the strain imposed by the fetters of rhyme on the giddy amateur. What can be achieved, published, and, we daresay, well reviewed somewhere, is amazing. Read this female bard:—

"I always knew what sort of weather
We were going to have,
For Cynthia never wore her feather
When the weather would be bad.

For when the days were warm and bright
Cynthia wore her feather;
Sometimes black and sometimes white,
The colour doesn't count whatever."

The verses have at least one of the elements of great poetry, for they have clung to us for years.

A WITTY VIEW OF THE WAR.

The Silence of Colonel Bramble. By André Maurois.
Translated from the French. Lane. 5s. net.

NOT so long since a reviewer of some wit and much less discrimination declared that Anatole France was as good in English as in French. A more inept remark can hardly be imagined. French is a witty language; English, as a rule, is not; and national differences of speech, tone, and expression are simply beyond any rendering. One might as soon hope to see the French shrug of the shoulders, which conveys so much, revealed by a British Philistine, or a gay epigram proceeding from the sombre selfishness of Mr. Smillie. 'The Silence of Colonel Bramble' is the wittiest book of comment on warfare and our national prejudices that we have yet seen. When readers had once discovered it, they got several more copies to delight their friends with, or they tried to get them, since the supply was seldom equal to the demand. The rendering now published is well done on the whole, but it cannot equal the original, and one of its chief merits will be to commend 'Les Silences du Colonel Bramble' (Bernard Grasset, Paris) now in its sixteenth edition. If anyone does not know it—before the war we had not heard of M. Maurois as an accomplished writer—he should go to Messrs. Hachette or Messrs. Mudie, and thank us for our hint.

The book is soon read, but within its pages are delightful visions of officers who are gentlemen and sportsmen; a padre from the Highlands, who is also a sportsman; and an Irish doctor who delights in saying startling things. We get glimpses of the comedy and tragedy of war; the humbug of "experts" who propose various remedies for sickly goats; the dead secrets that everybody knows; and other gravity-removing incidents. Impartial in his wit, M. Maurois does not spare Estrées, an ancient town which swears eternal fidelity in turn to the changing powers of France, now a king, now Napoleon, then again a king, and lastly the Republic.

Through the book runs a gramophone which fills in the silences of the Scottish Colonel, who loves familiar things. We note in the original various elegant pieces of French verse by the narrator. Why two chapters composed entirely of verses should be suppressed we do not know. We like the stanzas:—

"L'homme croit toujours émuvoir
La femme qu'il désire:
Elle n'est pour lui qu'un miroir
Dans lequel il s'admire.

Et quand Margot, l'air résigné,
Subit nos hypothèses,
Elle vaut bien la Sévigné,
Pourvu qu'elle se taise."

The French verse which includes a rendering of 'Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag' is included, but where, we ask, is the French rendering of Mr. Kipling's 'If'? It has been suppressed, like the most daring remark of the doctor about disease and genius. The cream of the book, which abounds in good things, is, perhaps, the half satirical, half admiring analysis of the ineradicable instincts of our nation for sport. Says the author, who knows English well enough to quote Boswell:—

"A true gentleman, you see, is very nearly the most sympathetic type which evolution has produced among the pitiful group of creatures who are at this moment making such a noise in the world. Amid the horrible wickedness of the species, the English have established an oasis of courtesy, and phlegm. I love them."

Yet this type may regard the Jorrocks books as the only ones worth reading, make sport a kind of religion, and regard intellectuals as at best a sort of inspired idiot. Major Parker shows up the sportsman in war thus:—

"To interest an Englishman in war you need only suggest that it is a kind of boxing match. Tell us that the Hun is a barbarian, we agree politely, but tell us that he is a bad sportsman and you rouse the British

Empire.....Bombing open towns is nearly as unpardonable as fishing for trout with a worm, or shooting a fox."

The doctor, propounding some cynical paradoxes on revolution and reaction, is asked if we are to oscillate between rebellion and a *coup d'état*.

"'No,' said the doctor, 'because the English people, who have already given to the world Stilton cheese and comfortable chairs, have invented for our benefit the Parliamentary system. Our M.P.s arrange rebellions and *coups d'état* for us, which leaves the rest of the nation time to play cricket. The Press completes the system by enabling us to take our share in these tumults by proxy. All these things form a part of modern comfort and in a hundred years' time every man, white, yellow, red or black, will refuse to inhabit a room without hot water laid on, or a country without a Parliament."

Comfort was noted long since by Balzac as a peculiarly English thing; but France is more learned in the trials of revolution than we are.

A PREDECESSOR OF BRITAIN.

The Rise of the Spanish Empire in the Old World and in the New. By Roger Bigelow Merriman. Two vols. Macmillan. 40s. ret.

THE two volumes at present published represent only half of Mr. Merriman's purposed work, which, when completed according to plan, will trace the history of the rise of the Spanish Empire from its earliest foundation to the death of Philip II. in the 17th century, when the dominion not only had attained the acme of its extent and power, but the causes of decay were already gnawing at its heart. The second volume ends with the death in 1516 of Ferdinand the Catholic, who left the country at last one harmonious whole, and whose successor, Charles V., was the first King of Spain destined also to be Emperor.

It is a wonderful story, and not a well-known one, that of the rise of one of the most powerful empires that Europe has ever seen. The chronicle touches that of England from time to time, and students of English history are familiar enough with Berengaria of Navarre, the wife of Cœur de Lion; Pedro the Cruel and the Black Prince; Isabel the Catholic, who received Lord Scyles from the distant island of Britain, and marvelled to find him so perfect a knight. Catharine of Aragon is another well-known figure, and finally Spain appears as the villain of the piece throughout the days of Elizabeth. But the points of contact are few and far between, and on the whole, the early history of the Iberian peninsula stands apart, isolated like the country itself. Spain was occupied with her own affairs.

Mr. Merriman's work is therefore welcome, and it is founded on laborious research, and written out of an abundance of knowledge, with the ease that comes therefrom. The volumes are provided with admirable maps and genealogical tables; the latter highly necessary when the historian has to deal with the contemporaneous histories of the kingdoms of Leon, Castile, Aragon, Portugal and the Balearic Isles, all of them ruled by dynasties of the same stock, who, moreover, showed a marked predilection for repeating the family names of Ferdinand, Alfonso and Pedro. Their persistent intermarriages called forth denunciations from the Holy See, and the reader is disposed to think that these were justified, on meeting, among many others, such examples as the following: "In addition to the above-mentioned marriage of Constance and Frederic, Pedro himself wedded, as his third wife, Frederic's sister Eleanor, thus becoming the uncle, as well as the grandfather, of Frederic's only legitimate child, Maria."

With the help of the tables, however, even this relationship can be unravelled.

Besides these kingdoms, the reader has to reckon with the Counts of Barcelona, Toulouse, and the kingdoms of Navarre and Provence, all of which were intimately connected with Spain. History, down to the time of the Catholic Kings, Ferdinand and Isabella of

Castile, consists mainly of the wars waged between these little kingdoms, or between them and the Moors, in which now one, now the other, obtained the advantage. We may quote as an instance the story of the fluctuating fortunes of the bells of Compostella (vol. I., p. 77) which the Moor Almanzor removed "from the great church of Santiago de Compostella and carried south to Cordova, to make lamps for the ceiling of the Mezquita there." More than 200 years later (p. 83) came the victory of Saint Ferdinand over the Emir of Jaen, and we meet these same bells carried back to Compostella on the shoulders of Moorish captives.

In his Introduction, the historian draws a parallel between the Spanish Empire and that of Britain, and the two are indeed similar in the manner of their rise to power, their peculiarity of colonizing in the name of religion, their riches and world-wide possessions; though heaven forbid that the parallel should hold good throughout. No empire on earth has yet proved immortal, but should that of Britain ever follow its predecessors, its end will not be hastened by the curse of subject races on its cruelty.

The history of the peninsula under its first conquerors shows that it was always in touch, either in friendship or enmity, with the coast of Africa. *Apropos* of this, we remember seeing within the last few months an energetic manifesto of the rights of Spain to the sovereignty of the Barbary States, published by a Spanish society, which founded its claim on the continuity of the geological strata in the two countries, calling as witnesses several well-preserved fossils. If the lawyers are to go back to palæozoic times, however, such arguments would be at least as potent for the Moors as for the Spaniards, and possibly our friends the apes of Gibraltar would have the best claim of all. However, under the Carthaginians, Romans, Visigoths and Moors, the peninsula formed one empire with a great part of France and the African coast, though, as Mr. Merriman well puts it, the centre of gravity shifted from time to time. The more important district, and seat of government, was now in Africa, now in various parts of Spain; even, in later days, at Naples.

The chapters devoted to the contrast between the two countries of Castile and Aragon are extremely interesting; not less so those dealing with their institutions. In Castile, especially, agriculture hardly existed; the barren soil of the central plateau was discouraging, and hard work was always an abomination to the Spaniard. The feudal system, therefore, was not fully developed, for dwellers in the countryside were too scanty to require the protection of an overlord. Flocks and herds there were, then as now, but the lower classes were chiefly artisans. The Moors dealt very differently with the fruits of the earth, and the blossoming fields and orchards of Granada seem to have been greatly coveted by the Spaniards, though when finally they acquired them, it was only to find them fade in their hands.

The three orders of nobility, *grandees*, *hidalgos* and *caballeros*, were occupied entirely in the army, Church, or direct service of the State. They had their full share of the chivalry of the Middle Ages, and if some monarchs were tyrannical, they had also the highest sense of duty. Pedro the Great, while on his way to a campaign in Majorca, was seized with a fever which subsequently proved fatal. His young son Alfonso hastened to his bedside. "'Who told thee to come hither, Infante?' queried his dying father, 'art thou a doctor who can cure me? Depart at once for Majorca, for God wills that I should die, and neither thou nor anyone else can prevent it.'" Father and son kissed each other, and so parted.

Among the last chapters of the first volume is one devoted to the strange and extravagant episode of the Catalan Grand Company. Practically one of the Free-lance companies which were the scourge of Europe after the close of every great war, these Catalans were led by Roger de Flor to the assistance of the Emperor of Constantinople, and subsequently settled on the peninsula of Gallipoli, which they described as abounding in food and fruit, and "the most delightful cape in the world." De Flor was murdered at Constantinople, whither he had gone to demand the pay due to

his men, and the Company organized a pirate fleet, which infested the adjacent waters for some years, and then took possession of Athens under pretence of an authorization from the King of Sicily. Catalan became the language of Athens, the Latin Church and the Catalan law were given precedence. The Company was only driven out in 1388 by a greatly superior force, and the manner in which the Catalans disappeared, like their prototypes the Normans in Sicily, is one of the mysteries of history. In passing, we may remark that the name "Jacques de Baux," appearing in this episode, should be "*des Baux*." The ruins of Les Baux, that nursery of rulers, still form a place of historical pilgrimage in Provence.

The second volume, opening with the recital of the circumstances which led up to the union of Castile and Aragon by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, is occupied with the glorious epoch of their reign.

The conquest of Granada is well-known ground to most readers, but it is admirably told, though necessarily in brief. It is pleasant, among the recitals of sieges, captures and sellings into slavery, to note the care of Isabella for her soldiers, and the appearance of the first field hospital. Less familiar are the measures taken by the sovereigns to reorganise the administration of their kingdom, to subjugate their haughty grandees, and, with the assistance of Cardinal Ximenes, to effect reforms within the Church. Then follows an account of the expansion of their empire by the conquest of the Canaries, the discoveries of Columbus in the New World, and the conquest of part of the north coast of Africa. The dying wish of Queen Isabella was that this last should be persevered in.

It is with pleasure that we shall look forward to the publication of the remaining volumes of Mr. Merriam's work. The style is fluent, the philosophy modern, and the more important State problems are summarized, with their solution and its consequences, in an admirable manner. If there is a fault, it is a weakness in character-drawing. The personages are apt to be hazy; they do not stand out, as Motley or Hodgkin would have drawn them, with a few master-touches. The historian appears to flinch before a portrait; for example, Joan I. of Naples, a queen who certainly cannot be accused of lacking character, is briefly dismissed as "the unspeakable Joanna." This might pass as a definition of the lady in question, were there not so many others who have apparently proved equally unspeakable.

ALCOHOL AND GOOD SENSE.

The Whole Truth About Alcohol. By George E. Flint. Macmillan Company. 6s. 6d. net.

THIS book should be read by every Prohibitionist. The Prohibition argument is that a glass of any intoxicating liquor is analogous to a typhoid germ, and that typhoid germs are excluded from water, even though many persons would not be infected. The answer to it is that alcoholic liquors are essential to the health and well-being of most men and women, while drunkenness is the result of mental deficiency. The mental defective will be a nuisance to himself and society, whether he drinks, or does not drink. Mental deficiency is often attributable to acquired or inherited syphilis. Drunkenness should therefore be eliminated by generally improving the hygiene of the community to the point where it can eat and drink and enjoy life rationally and well. Moreover, the drunkard cannot be habitually drunk on beer or wine, and it is easier to restrict the sale of spirits than of wine and beer, though even so it is absurd to classify brandy with morphia.

During the War France restricted absinthe, but no other liquor; Russia went dry; but after an appalling experience of evils due to the private distillation and consumption of inferior forms of alcohol, is reverting to the use of beer and wine. The result of abstinence from wine or beer seems to be a tendency to gluttony, and especially to the consumption of sweets, which the body itself turns into the "poison" of alcohol. As Dr. Flint points out, "The immoderate use of caffeine and theine beverages, by quickening the perceptive,

conceptive, and appreciative faculties, leads to overwork, and that overwork when prolonged produces nervousness, insomnia, and neurasthenia. Alcohol acts oppositely by soothing irritation and dulling sensation generally—stupefying to a certain extent. But partial stupefaction is conservative; for that, by conducing to rest and sleep, institutes just the conditions necessary for the processes of repair."

Hence all the "efficiency" tests of alcohol are absurd. A man fails to respond so quickly to stimuli after a heavy meal as before it, whether he drinks alcohol with it or not. His system is having a rest. Sir Victor Horsley's experiments are vitiated by his having unsuccessfully experimented on himself. He believed that no teetotaler could ever get heat stroke, in spite of all advice to the contrary, and consequently died from lack of proper precautions. His death vindicated his very real patriotism, but stultified his convictions about alcohol.

Dr. Flint remarks that "if alcohol is a poison, it is such a slow one that it sometimes takes more than a hundred years to kill a man," while, on the other hand, few things injure the digestion more than "soft drinks" and "candy." Acute dyspepsia may produce more crime and misery than alcohol, which, as he says, "cannot do more than incite criminality to become actual; and if alcohol did not do that, something more dangerous than alcohol—heroin, cocaine, morphine—would."

The success of Prohibition in Dr. Flint's own country, the United States, is largely due to the uncivilised habits of many Americans, who take a glass of wine in order to get drunk, and not as part of a meal. There also was a generous desire to conserve cereals for the Allies and the starving inhabitants of Europe. This reinforced a spirit of deliquescent Puritanism, which is even stronger across the Atlantic than here, and which disposes many men and women to regard any enjoyment as a sin—at any rate in others. There is also the contempt for individual liberty which characterises modern "democracy," for that democracy is no more than the herding of a number of citizens by the State according to the taste and fancy of the individual plutocrat and the more uncivilised type of artisan.

The book deserves to be widely read in America; but it should also be read here as a counterblast to the ridiculous propaganda which is to begin in October with the aid of American finance. In America itself we are promised a campaign against candy and tobacco, which will perhaps bring even the teetotaler to reason and illustrate in all its futility the attempt of any State to regulate the private tastes of the citizen. The crude ignorance and vulgarity of the world's democratic rulers must one day find their own *reductio ad absurdum*.

Dr. Flint has also performed another service to his readers by his chapters on the increase of circulatory diseases and valuable remarks on the physical exercises which may mitigate them.

A GERMAN LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

The League of Nations: The Way to the World's Peace. By M. Erzberger. Translated by Bernard Miall. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.

HERR ERZBERGER inspired the revolt of the Reichstag in 1917 when, following its famous peace resolution in July of that year, it overthrew first Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg and later Dr. Michaelis. Given a few hours' conversation with Mr. Lloyd George and M. Clemenceau, and he declared that he could make peace. If our interpretation of its purpose is correct, the present volume represents a further attempt on the part of the author to provide a basis for a negotiated peace. To what extent, indeed, he was expressing his real belief in September, 1918, when he said that the war was "little likely...to end in a definite decision in favour of either side" is uncertain. But the point is immaterial, for his previous endeavours towards peace amply attest his sincerity. He realised that the condition precedent of a negotiated peace was the inclusion in the settlement of some feature which would enable

both belligerent governments to declare that their moral aims had been achieved. This he found in the establishment of a League of Nations, to be constituted by the adhesion of England, France, Germany, Russia, and the United States. The constitution and functions of such a League are here accordingly described.

Herr Erzberger combines a mind trained in historical and political thinking with a proven dexterity in practical politics which is part of the tradition of capable leadership of the Reichstag Centre from Windthorst onwards. In his book an historico-political examination of previous attempts to secure world-peace serves as a basis for his treatment of the concrete problems involved. It must be admitted that the historical argument for the League has seldom been put with so much ability. It is curious, however, that in his citations of writers who have aspired after universal peace, from St. Augustine through Marsilius of Padua to Kant, he omits all mention of Erasmus's 'Complaint of Peace.' He certainly establishes that the repeated peace-efforts of the Papacy during the recent war were in line with its honourable age-long pacific tradition. A concise but comprehensive account is given of the many kinds of international agreements before the war, such as those relating to publication of the world's tariffs, the metric system, railway goods traffic, posts and telegraph; and of previous arbitration treaties. The author establishes by quotations from President Wilson, Viscount Grey, Mr. Asquith, and Count Hertling, substantial agreement in regard to the ideal aimed at, and makes that ideal definite by incorporating in it a programme. Apart from the establishment of an Administrative Council, consisting of the member-States' diplomatic representatives accredited *ad hoc*, and a permanent Bureau to deal with administrative and technical matters, this programme consists of six points: Obligatory Arbitrations, Disarmament, Freedom of the Seas and international commerce, Equality of Economic Privilege, The Common Opening Up of Africa, and the Protection of Neutral States.

As regards obligatory arbitration, Herr Erzberger meets the objections based on "national honour" and "vital interests" by arguing that "all international conflicts, however thickly invested with the pathos of irrationality, may be referred back to a concrete difference." Therefore, he deduces, even such disputes could be settled by a Court of Arbitration "whose objectivity is guaranteed," and he develops in detail his plan for the establishment of such a court. Disarmament, in the first instance at any rate, is to be partial, and the States of the League are to furnish contingents to be used by the Executive of the League, which will have also at its command the economic boycott. Control of armaments is to be secured by means of the compulsory submission to the League Bureau of each year's military budgets and effective strengths. Incidentally he remarks, "The United States have been frightened out of their anti-militarism by the stupendous world-conflagration," the truth of which dictum has been shown recently by War Secretary Baker's Bill to make conscription permanent. Herr Erzberger's interpretation of that very vague phrase "The Freedom of the Seas," is apparently the ultimate abolition of all national naval armaments, the inviolability of private property at sea, and the internationalization of important trade routes. In regard to the subject his argument is unusually weak, as we have pointed out before. The Straits of Gibraltar and the Suez and Panama Canals are to be internationalized, not so the Corinth and Kiel Canal, however, because "interference with the conditions of a waterway, strait, or canal, both banks of which lie in the hands of one State...is inadmissible." Surely the reason given applies equally to

Suez and Panama? Equality of Economic Privilege is aimed not at protective tariffs in themselves, the right to impose which the author regards as "an integral ingredient of internal political independence," but at differentiation of such tariffs in favour of certain States or Colonies. Here again neither English nor American opinion will agree in putting colonies, in regard to discriminating duties, on the same plane as other States.

In regard to the guaranteeing of Neutral States by the League, the author takes occasion to deal with the violation of Belgian neutrality by Germany in a manner which confirms the view we have suggested of the underlying purpose of the book. Herr Erzberger condemns out of hand the militarist allegation that Belgium had already connived at the violation of her neutrality by the Entente. He adopts the German civil authorities' plea of "confession and avoidance:" admitting the wrong and pleading that only thus could Germany put herself in a position to meet the attack on two fronts. One is confirmed in the impression—although it could not be proved from the text—that not only Herr Erzberger himself, but also Bethmann-Hollweg and von Jagow, entirely convinced as they were of the war-intentions of Russia, would rather have taken the military risks involved than have committed the ghastly political blunder of violating Belgium. However that may be, the author uses the argument that to prevent any nation being placed in the position of having to choose between what it believes to be the jeopardizing of its national existence, on the one hand, and doing what it knows to be wrong, on the other, necessitates a League of Nations. Clearly this argument is not necessary to the case for the League. But it is obvious that so able a controversialist would not introduce so sore a point into a discussion on the future League of Nations, to which he was trying to induce opponents to agree, without a purpose. The explanation would seem to be that, as his recent revelations in the Reichstag have shown, Herr Erzberger knew that Belgium had been the obstacle before which the negotiations initiated by the Vatican in 1917 had broken down. In the event of the renewal of the peace negotiations he desired, the League of Nations provided a way out of the difficulty. England could take up the attitude that she was by this method safeguarding for all time the sanctity of treaties; Germany, war-weary almost to the point of revolution, which came six weeks later, would have been secured against a recurrence of a struggle against the world. The Belgian matter settled, territorial questions could be solved on the principle that, as the author puts it, "all the nations must take water in their wine if the coming peace is to be a permanent one." It is not possible now to estimate what chance of success Herr Erzberger's attempt would have had, if the collapse of November had been delayed. Behind it, as behind Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau's appeal at Versailles for a settlement ensuring that "the peace of the world shall not be any more disturbed," lay starvation, ruin and two million dead.

TOPSYTURVY.

The Inscrutable Lovers. By Alexander Macfarlan. Heinemann. 7s. net.

THIS charming little tale must be classified rather as an essay in pure comedy than as a reproduction of actual life. Yet what the graceful dialect of modern pedantry terms a basic fact is its central theme—the tendency, namely, of young people to revolt against any theory of life which by precept and example has been too strenuously inculcated upon them.

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Caddy Jellyby is a notable case in point, but philanthropy was scarcely more repugnant to her than is the mental attitude vaguely described as idealism to Mr. Macfarlan's heroine. Her father, an Irish gentleman enjoying the exotic title of Count, takes part in the Easter Week rebellion on the principle, apparently, of supporting any cause foredoomed to failure. The same motive has led him at an earlier date to fight as a volunteer in some futile Mexican insurrection; and probably, more than any less recondite sentiment, is responsible for his genuine objection to accepting assistance from Germany. When the story opens, in the spring of 1918, he is intent upon a fresh scheme for vindicating the independence of Ireland, and reckons confidently on his daughter's assistance in carrying it out. Hoping for some possibility of compromise, she accepts the charge, and, through a series of highly entertaining, though not over probable, coincidences finds herself landed in a runaway marriage with a lover who appears the very embodiment of her dreams—a typical business man severely practical in outlook. Their honeymoon is still at its height when the Count once more appears on the scene, and urges his daughter's resumption of the undertaking which meanwhile has grown more hopeless, and thus in his view more desirable. She flatly rejects his appeal, but to her unutterable horror, the bridegroom responds to it, and she discovers that she has, after all, married an idealist, who on his side is as much disappointed as herself by this reciprocal revelation. Happily, the famous enterprise comes to nothing, and the young couple decide to make the best of each other, finding a common ground in their religion, with its blending of the romantic and the practical—a conclusion eminently suggestive of the official Roman Catholic apologist. The assigning to a Scotchman and an Irishwoman respectively of opposite characteristics from those with which they would traditionally be credited, emphasises a useful protest against insincere convention already initiated by Mr. Bernard Shaw. His influence may also be traced in the amusing sketch of Padraig O'Gorman, an Irishman born and bred in Glasgow, who "was capable of wishing you 'more power to your elbow,' or of giving you 'the top of the morning.' It might have been possible to believe in him elsewhere, but in Ireland he was incredible."

THE MAGAZINES

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY has this month a number of tributes to its late editor, William Wray Skilbeck, mostly praising him for qualities which have nothing to do with editorship; the best is by Mr. G. A. B. Dewar, who is acting as temporary editor. Mr. W. S. Lilly's article on Ireland appears simultaneously with the report of his death after a long service to literature. Prof. H. L. Stewart has been moved by some remarks of Mr. Bertrand Russell to restate the defence of Carlyle, who, we should have thought, had reached his final niche in Valhalla. Mrs. Parsons takes us through the meals of famous books and famous men, remarking on how little is preserved about them. They are among the things that are not described because everyone takes them for granted. Mr. P. P. Howe discourses on 'Two Thousand Years of Dramatic Criticism,' but there are sad gaps in the succession; he has got through without mentioning Mr. Walkley in connection with Aristotle. Mr. Blakesley is dull about Education, and Dr. Lyttelton tells us that cricket has been altered to suit the middle-aged gentlemen who captain our counties; he does not appreciate a match without a bruise. Mr. Hyndman is vigorous and not too severe on 'The Scandal of our Milk Supply.' We are evidently in for a severe rise, unless, or even if, the recommendations of the Consumer's Council are attended to. Mr. Aylmer Maude, home from Archangel, must be a surprise to his former disciples and friends, in advocating the suppression by force of Bolshevism. Lieut.-Col. Cottrell advocates a sort of National Defence University for the three services to ensure co-operation in war, we suppose, because our general staff are presumably engaged in designing futurist medal ribbons.

THE FORTNIGHTLY is a rather dull number. M. Félicien Pascal writes on Shakespeare's Introduction into France, describing the part he played in the French romantic revival. Berlioz, Delacroix, and Hugo's plays are "all Shakespearean to the last degree." Mr. Baughan discusses the art of the "movies," and Mr. Scheltema is suitably dull and artificial about Vacluse and Petrarch. M. Hamon writes in Franco-English of the French Socialist parties, and a skilled labourer has some hits at both sides in 'A Policy for Labour.'

THE BADMINTON opens with Capt. Sir John Alcock's account of 'My Transatlantic Flight,' illustrated by a number of exclusive photographs and a sketch chart. He seems to have had some bad times trying to get above the clouds, though he averaged over two miles a minute for the whole journey. There is a very amusing paper on 'Catch Bets,' some of them rather good, and the usual athletic and sporting articles. Capt. Hart writes on 'A Day's Fishing on the Murman Coast.'

BLACKWOOD has a gay account of the Victory March by Bartimeus, and a "reincarnation" story by Mr. Edmund Candler, slight, but excellent of its kind. There are two 'Escape' stories, and a forecast of the aeroplane mail to the United States, ten years hence. 'Musings without Method' is righteously indignant at the form and amount of our Civil List Pensions, and suggests that a fund be raised to deal with the needs of literary and artistic workers in a more adequate and respectful manner. Mr. Storer Clouston seems to take an unusually long time to work up the interest in his story.

CORNHILL has for its most amusing article an irregular anthology including the famous "Here lies an old woman who always was tired, 'cause she lived in a world where too much was required." Neither of the forms given is right, and there is an omission of her inability to play the harp which appears in the usual verses. Mr. Graves, the writer of the article, thinks there are not two dozen first rate Limericks; we differ, but our taste may be more catholic, or less puritanic. Mr. Freeman tells the story of the Birmingham in the Jutland fight, and Sir George Aston continues his 'Memories of a Marine.'

THE ROUND TABLE deals at length with the Peace—rather optimistically, with the Economic Situation, not so hopefully, with Nationalisation as a remedy, which it rejects, with Switzerland as a neutral, with the Canadian Strike at Winnipeg and its sequel, a very good account, with the One Big Union Movement in Australia, and half-a-dozen other matters affecting the Dominions.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH REVIEW opens with a lecture given at the Sorbonne on Sir Walter Scott in France by Prof. W. P. Ker, a first-rate piece of literature. The poetry of the number is quite good, and there is an amusing "reminiscence" story by Flavian. Mr. Holbrook Jackson has discovered Herman Melville; we hope his example will be widely followed. 'Moby Dick' is a great book.

TO WOMEN

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The NEW EUROPE current number contains an important note by M. Robert de Caix on France and Britain in Syria, besides some papers on Balkan politics and Soviet finance in Hungary.

We have received the first two numbers of THE FRENCH QUARTERLY issued by the Manchester University Press. They promise to be a substantial addition to our literary journals. The first number contains a paper by M. Boutroux, on the part played by literature in maintaining the entente, one by Sir J. G. Frazer on French and English chivalry from Froissart to Waterloo, emphasizing courtesy rather than chivalry, and a very good one by Prof. Oliver Elton on the Entente in literature in which he overestimates French influence on medieval English, or rather underestimates the absolute identity of feeling between medieval French and English writers. It is impossible to say whether a given work in French is by an Englishman or a Frenchman if grammatical and linguistic tests fail us. The paper is very inspiring. M. Dauzat writes on the slang of the War, and M. Rudler gives us a chronology of the Châtiments of Hugo. The second number has two good papers on Ossian in France and the influence of Milton on Chateaubriand, an account of a visit to Rheims this Easter, and several notes and comments.

The NEW WORLD has papers by Mr. C. F. G. Masterman M. J. H. Rosny, aîné, Mr. Havelock Ellis, Mr. Laurence Binyon (on Japanese design and its influence) and a most interesting 'Evening with Paul Verlaine,' by M. Ernest Raynaud, with many others, literary and political.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES has an article on the late Tsar by his cousin the Queen of Rumania, and a very interesting account of the communist republic set up by the Khungus, escaped bandits and gold miners in Manchuria. Mrs. Humphry Ward's 'Miss Henderson's Secret,' is the serial running at present.

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MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOOKS.

BOOKS RARE AND OUT OF PRINT.—Frank Harris *Life of Oscar Wilde*, 2 vols., £2.2; Melville's *Veritas, Revelation of Mysteries*, 2 vols., 1874, £2.2; Beardsley *Early and Later Works*, 2 vols., 30/-; *Salome*, illus. by Beardsley, 11/-; Louie Fuller, *Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life*, 4s/-; *Life and Works of Vittorio Carpaccio*, illus., 1907, £2.15; *Ballads Weird and Wonderful*, with 25 drawings by Vernon Hill, 9/-; Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, 2 vols. folio, Cambridge, 1909, £2.15; Burton *Arabian Nights*, 17 vols., illus., unexpurgated, £30; Thausing's *Life of Durer*, 2 vols., 1882, 42/-; Aubrey Beardsley, by Arthur Symons, large paper copy, 1905, £2.2; William Morris's *Collected Works*, 24 vols., £12.12; *Memoirs of Harriette Wilson*, coloured plates, 2 vols., 21/- Send also for Catalogue, 100,000 bargains on hand. If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. EDWARD BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, 14-16, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

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BAKU OIL AMALGAMATION.

EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETINGS were held on September 1st of the Baku Russian Petroleum Co., Ltd., the Bibi Eibat Oil Co., Ltd., the European Oilfields Corporation, Ltd., and the Russian Petroleum Co., Ltd.

Mr. Herbert Allen presided in each case.

Resolutions in identical terms were passed for the winding up of the four companies, in order to carry into effect a scheme of amalgamation already approved at previous meetings.

Mr. Allen said he was confident that this consolidation of British interests in the important oilfields of Baku would be to the benefit of all concerned.

The new company which would acquire the undertakings of the four amalgamating companies, had already been registered under the title of the Baku Consolidated Oilfields, Ltd., and which have an authorised capital of £2,500,000, in shares of £1 each. Half of these shares would be entitled to a preferential dividend of 8 per cent. and would be called "A" shares; the other half would be called "B" shares, and, after they received 8 per cent. in any year, both classes of shares would rank equally. The expiring companies had a debenture debt which involved a charge of £70,000 a year on profits, but the new company would have no debentures, and consequently the "A" shares would have first claim on the entire profits of the united undertaking. In the four years from 1913 to 1916 inclusive—the last for which they had complete figures—the four companies produced an average of over 5,000 tons of oil per week, and made a trading profit of about £200,000 per annum, though this period included two of the worst years in their history. Considerable economies, both in London and Baku, would, of course, accrue as the result of unified control, and, as the new company would have productive oil lands in several fields, it would always be able to concentrate its efforts on those offering the best prospects of profitable working. This was one of the most important features of the amalgamation.

After payment of all expenses connected with the amalgamation, and discharge of all liabilities, this should leave them with from £300,000 to £400,000 of cash, but the aggregate capital resources of the new company would be nearer a million sterling.

Shareholders in the four existing companies would get the £1 "A" shares at 17s. 6d. each, payable by easy instalments.

Mr. Allen mentioned that the four amalgamating companies had in the aggregate 12,700 shareholders, 3,500 holders of profit-sharing notes, and 700 holders of debentures, a total proprietary of 16,900, and there were not half a dozen opponents of the amalgamation scheme.

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ENGLISH OILFIELDS (LTD.)

AN EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of English Oilfields (Ltd.) was held on September 1st, at the Institute of Chartered Accountants, Moorgate Street, E.C., to consider a resolution to increase the capital of the company to £1,500,000 by the creation and issue of 1,200,000 new shares of £1 each. Sir James Heath, Bart. (chairman of the company) presided.

The Chairman, in moving the resolution, said the directors proposed in the first instance to make an issue of 400,000 of the new shares, and to offer them at the price of 25s. per share in the proportion, or as near as possible, so as to avoid fractions, of four new shares for every three held by each shareholder.

Dr. W. Forbes-Leslie, in seconding the resolution, said: This company was issued in July, 1918. What is your position to-day? Your position to-day is this. Your land area has increased by several thousand selected areas as the result of extending the drilling programme; our technical knowledge of the oil shale formation has increased in proportion; our drills have demonstrated not only an extension of the field on certain well-defined lines—they have also demonstrated that the thickness of the productive oil measures is not penetrated at 300 ft. from the surface, and may even extend to 400, 500, 700 ft. We have proved more than 20 square miles to contain the oil shale seams, and that in all this great area the thickness of the retortable material is not less than 150 ft., and that the regularity of the formation in oil contents, and in relative thickness of seams is so remarkable that in borings 12 miles apart the relative thickness and oil contents is practically the same. (Cheers.) This a most important feature. It demonstrates that the seams are not patchy, and that wherever the seams have not been removed by past terrestrial conditions, you can assess their values and tonnage with absolute certainty.

The drills have also demonstrated the presence of substances which were not suspected to exist in the measures.

Mining operations were commenced six months ago, under the superintendence of a very experienced mine manager. To-day No. 1 Mine West Winch is in existence. This mine is capable of giving an output of 500 tons per day. Mining is taking place on the fourth seam of the series, or the third seam of the middle series. The pit is being continued to 200 ft., and several seams will be mined together. We have found that mining in the shale series is economical and cheap, roofs and floors being available, and the structure of the seams giving natural facilities for mining. Samples from the mine faces, on the whole, have demonstrated that in thickness of seams measured up from drill records we have been about 25 to 30 per cent. less than shown in the mine, that in volatile contents, as given from laboratory tests on cores, we have been over 50 per cent. less than freshly mined samples of the same beds demonstrate. This is so much to the good. I originally estimated commercial production at 30 gallons per ton, but in consequence of the yield from mined middle shales being so much richer, I have good reasons for considerably raising my estimate, and now estimate that a yield commercially of from 45 to 55 gallons of oil per ton treated may be expected. (Cheers.) The yield of sulphate of ammonia may be anything to or over 60 lb. per ton of shale, and the wax about 60 lb. per ton.

There are two corollaries still to be dealt with under by-products. The first comprehends the discovery and present development of a very valuable deposit of clay adjoining No. 1 West Winch Mine, and within 600 yards of the main railway line to London. This deposit has a thickness of 40 feet, and bricks of a quality unsurpassed in England can be manufactured out of the clay—also Stafford blue brick. It is fortunate for the company that this clay exists, for we shall require very great quantities of bricks for the large works we are about to erect—works dealing with 1,000 tons of shale per day as beginning, and possibly ultimately dealing with 4,000 tons per day. Besides this demand, the brick clay deposits, having an extent of 161 acres, will do a very remunerative trade in the district where no brickfields exist, and elsewhere. The demand for bricks is now very great and cannot be supplied. The second corollary comprehends cement manufacture as an integral part of the company's business, the residues of the shale being found to make good cement when mixed with the lower chalk so plentiful in your properties. The fact that your waste gas, of which you will have enormous quantities available, can be utilised for fuel, makes the manufacture of cement so economical that no further centre of manufacture which relies on coal for fuel can favourably compete. It is possible you will be turning out 600 tons of cement per day when your 1,000-ton shale plant is in full working order. In view of the knowledge we have acquired, I have advised the erection of a plant at Setch capable of dealing with a minimum of 1,000 tons per day, the sinking of No. 2 Mine West Winch to bring up the mining output to 1,000 to 1,500 per day, the construction of a railway linking the mines and works to the Great Eastern main line to Lynn and London, also to the Midland and Great Northern Railway line to Lynn and Peterborough, the equipment of the brickworks and cement works. The property you hold is capable of supplying 18 works, dealing with 4,000 tons each day for 120 years. On the output of 1,000 tons a day the revenue should be so satisfactory that I hardly like to deal with it in its fractions at present; it appears so large that even the most greedy shareholder should be satisfied with his profit. (Cheers.)

The resolution was carried unanimously.

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INSURANCE

One of the drawbacks of insurance has hitherto been the large number of policies necessary for all the risks which required to be covered. This system had many disadvantages, involving, as it did, the maximum of work and worry both for the company and the insured and doing nothing to obviate forgetfulness of some important policy which ought to have been effected, or renewed. A number of policies, perhaps falling due at different dates, required considerable correspondence with several departments of a big company, and there was a tendency to insure with several companies for different risks, where some minor advantages were to be thereby secured. This statement of the case does not by any means overstate the difficulties of the existing system, which had nothing to commend it; and it is to the interest of all concerned that policies should be devised which contain in single contract as many of the risks to be insured as possible. There have been some policies of this nature on the market for some time, and they have achieved considerable success. Indications are not wanting of an extension of this new and desirable feature; the new policy offered by the Prudential is a case very much in point.

It was only a few months ago that the Prudential announced the extension of its business to fire and several other new branches. With its immense and perfect organisation, the Prudential would probably make a success of its new departments, no matter how conservative its policy, but such methods are not to be followed, and the Prudential is evidently intending to pursue a bold and progressive course of its own. As an auspicious start, it offers in its "Hearth and Home" policy to include over 20 separate risks; and claims that the policy is more comprehensive in its scope and its protection than any other combined one offered to the public. Some of the risks are naturally of rare occurrence; but when they can be adequately provided for without any appreciable increase in cost, it is an advantage which may prove of great value. The policy covers all the ordinary risks which a householder will desire to include. One novel feature of it is that the policy-holder is insured up to £1,000, or the amount of the policy, if less than that sum, in the event of fatal accident occurring to him in his dwelling house as the result of fire, burglary, lightning, gas explosion, riots, or aeroplane accidents. Fortunately, experience shows that fatalities of that nature are rare; but this feature of the policy will appeal to some. Other things being equal, the wider the policy, the better. The other things are, of course, the rate charged for the cover. The Prudential offers its policy at the rate of 5s. per cent. for a normal risk, and this would appear to be a fair rate. The whole proposal is very clearly stated in a circular which should be obtained from the Company, for it will certainly repay consideration among the large body of policy-holders who desire to be satisfied that any claim can be met.

Among new life prospectuses is one issued by the Eagle Star and British Dominions for its Marriage Policy, which is a clever combination of an Endowment Assurance with Educational Benefits for five children. Taking as an example a policy for £1,000, £500 of this would form an Endowment Assurance payable after 25 years, or at earlier death, while the remaining £500 would be payable at the rate of £100 for each child and payments of £20 would be made as each child reaches the age of 12 and on the four subsequent birthdays. In the event of the Educational Benefits not being paid owing to failure of issue, or the death of the children, such sum would be added to the Endowment Assurance. Provision for education by means of life policies is likely to receive attention in future, and where an endowment assurance is also contemplated, this combined form of policy might be studied with advantage.

THE CITY

Two departments of the Stock Exchange have at length responded to the hopes of their faithful followers—Home Rails and Rubbers. The two have nothing in common, and it is perhaps merely a coincidence that they both revived at the same time. Yet on the whole, there has been a better tendency throughout the markets, probably due to the waning of the holiday season. Next week dealings will begin in the new Funding Loan and Victory Bonds. The initial quotations on the Funding Loan will be "ex" the dividends payable on November 1; but as the first dividends on Victory Bonds are not due until March, they will be dealt in "cum dividend."

A recovery in Home Rails was inevitable because, as has been argued in this column on previous occasions, they were very cheap. It was ridiculous that North Westerns should be selling at under 90, and sooner or later speculative investors who were willing to buy Oil shares at prices yielding about 4 per cent. would see the attractions of first-class Home Railway stocks yielding 7½ per cent. When the buying started the recovery was prompt; for there was very little stock to be had; and it seems likely that the upward movement will be checked, not by sales, but because intending purchasers, disappointed at being able to obtain only small scraps of stock at quoted prices, will decide to employ their money elsewhere. Discreet investors will instruct their brokers to buy stock on any decline.

A rise in Rubber shares as soon as Germany would be in a position to buy the commodity has been heralded for the last four years. Whether or not Germany is able to buy rubber now is not clear, but the rise in prices began appropriately with the freeing of markets to German traders, and, having regard to general conditions, there is a sound basis for more optimistic views. The only serious impediment to a sustained rise in quotations is the fact that these conditions have been generally recognised in advance, and for months past rubber shares have been quietly absorbed by the public. Consequently there is a considerable body of shareholders who may be inclined to take profits if a suitable opportunity occurs, and the rise may not be so rapid as some holders anticipate. Broadly, the best advice to holders of good rubber shares is to keep them.

Breweries have enjoyed a remarkable expansion of profits in the last two years, as readers who acted upon our recommendations in this connection must have noticed. Restricted output at exorbitant prices for inferior products (not the fault of the brewers, but under the dictatorship of D.O.R.A.), brought the companies a ratio of profits beyond the wildest dreams of the days when brewery capital was being reconstructed out of existence. Now there is reason for believing that the prosperity of the breweries may have reached its apex. Though workers' wages are still high, there is not the superfluity of cash which flooded the munition districts last year. The doles are being cut down; the spending power of the brewers' principal customers is being considerably reduced. At the same time the crop of hops is reported to be bad, and most of the brewers' raw materials have to be imported at unfavourable exchange rates. Hence it may be wise to take profits in brewery ordinary and deferred stocks. The prior charges and preferences are sound enough (barring "prohibition"); but a decline in general profits would have some effect on the junior securities, even if it did not actually reduce dividends.

Pursuant to section 188 of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, a Meeting of the Creditors of the Premier Oil and Pipe Co., Ltd. (in Liquidation), will be held at the Institute of Chartered Accountants, Moorgate Place, E.C.2, on Monday, the 15th day of September, 1919, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon for the purpose provided for in the said section. Any person claiming to be a Creditor and desiring to be present should at once inform the Liquidator at his address, No. 2, Gresham Buildings, London, E.C.2.

Dated this 1st day of September, 1919.

H. J. DE C. MOORE,
Liquidator.

RUBBER PLANTATIONS INVESTMENT TRUST, LTD.

THE TENTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Rubber Plantations Investment Trust, Ltd., was held on August 29th, at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. George Croll (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Chairman said: Ladies and gentlemen, I presume it will be your wish to take the report and accounts as read. In my speech last year I stated that we could not hope for good results from the year with which we are now dealing, owing to causes entirely beyond our control. This anticipation has materialised to a greater extent than it was then possible to foresee. The rubber profits from our properties show a decrease of £24,143, while the tea shows a loss of £107,611. The income from dividends and interest on investments shows a decrease of £14,157 on the previous year. The increase of £21,109 in the amount charged for interest is accounted for by the abnormally heavy sums required for financing the company's produce until marketed, and for interest on deposits. The nett loss on the year's working is £114,075, which, deducted from the previous year's carry forward of £117,375 leaves a sum of £3,300 at the credit of profit and loss account. It is interesting to note that of the total loss for the year no less a sum than £45,000 is represented by loss on exchange. With this preliminary explanation I will now direct your attention to a few items in the balance-sheet.

The issued capital is increased by 478 shares allotted in respect of options which have been exercised. Further options over 84,868 shares were exercised at March 31 last, and the £55,651 appearing in the balance-sheet is in respect of monies received on account under this heading. All options have now expired, with the exception of those outstanding in relation to shareholders' deposits, and the present issued capital of the trust is £1,494,809. During the war the ordinary procedure for recovery of calls overdue was in abeyance. When hostilities ceased £3,000 was owing, and at the date of the balance-sheet this sum had been reduced to £1,807. The amount due now is £1,380, and this we hope will be cleared in the near future. The reserve remains at £500,000. Temporary loans from our bankers amounted at March 31 to £291,058. This sum has now been reduced to £130,500. Shareholders' deposits received in May last year, amounting to £265,835, now appear in the balance-sheet. On the assets side of the balance-sheet, investments in shares, debentures and options, less realisation account, stand at £615,647, being a decrease of £24,661, accounted for by the amount received for sales exceeding the amount expended on calls and new investments. Sales of investments realised £36,158, and showed a surplus over cost of £13,857, which has been taken to realisation account, in accordance with the company's regulations, and is deducted from the total cost of our investments. Our investments in shares, debentures and options are represented by 79 per cent. in sterling shares, 5 per cent. in guilder shares, and 16 per cent. in debentures, being practically identical with the previous year's figures. The amount invested in the companies, of which a list is given in the printed report, represents over 99 per cent. of the total. All these investments are first class, with the one exception of Ankola, to which I have referred at previous meetings. I am glad to say that this property is now improving, and I have recently had the assurance of Mr. N. W. Davies, a very experienced and competent Ceylon planter, who has paid a number of visits to it, that there is no reason why it should not in time become quite a good property. On March 31 last a valuation of our shares, debentures and options was made by the company's brokers, Messrs. Laurence, Sons and Gardner, and this valuation showed a surplus over the amount at which they stand in the balance-sheet of £428,327, as compared with £322,704, at the same date a year ago. The position, taken out yesterday, shows a surplus of £534,957, being an increase over the March 31 figure of £106,630. (Hear, hear.) The expenditure upon the purchase and development of properties (including working capital) now stands at £1,550,226, being an increase of £112,497. This increase is represented by expenditure on the immature areas, building and machinery, and by working capital, which remained abnormally heavy owing to the large sums required to finance our produce during the shortage of shipping. Loans receivable amounted at the date of the balance-sheet to £310,132 being an increase of £70,969, as compared with the previous year. They have since been reduced to £168,291. With small exceptions these loans are for advances to companies in which we are largely interested and they are all well secured.

I will now deal with the properties owned exclusively by the trust. Our Southern India property continues in excellent condition and the output of both our products have increased. Both the tea and the rubber showed satisfactory profits, amounting respectively to £1,989 and £1,144. It has been decided to increase the planted area on this property by an additional 300 acres in rubber and 100 acres in tea, and it is hoped that those extensions will be completed by 1922.

With regard to our large Sumatra tea properties, during the calendar year 1918 we harvested 5,503,482 lb., which was an increase of 1,460,970 lb. over the previous year. The crop having been disposed of in various markets and on varying terms and conditions, again it is not possible to follow our usual custom of quoting London equivalent gross selling prices and costs. I will now turn to the Sumatra rubber properties. The planted area remains unaltered at 3,013 acres. The crop harvested during 1918 was 500,000 lb., against 492,134 lb. in the previous year. We adhered to the Rubber Growers' Association's output restriction scheme, and the crop harvested therefore was very considerably below what the normal output would have been. The net price realised was 1s. 8.24d. per lb., and the f.o.b. cost 1s. 8.73d. per lb., the corresponding figures for the previous year being 2s. 1.34d. and 1s. 1.70d. respectively. The Siantar district continues to develop, and we have good reason to believe that with development the value of our reserve land has considerably appreciated. Our most serious difficulties last year, as I have stated, were the very adverse exchange conditions between this country and Sumatra, the import restrictions, and the shortage of freight. The exchange has now very much improved and the loss under this heading will, in the current year's working, be very much reduced. The restrictions on tea have been removed, but a preferential duty on British grown tea has been put in force, the effect of which I will deal with later on. The freight position shows a considerable improvement, which I hope will continue. On the other hand, the food situation in all Eastern countries has become more serious, and has in fact caused grave anxiety. Rice, the staple food of all Eastern countries, has increased enormously in price, and as this increase cannot be passed on to the labour, the owners of estates have got to bear it. On the other hand, the prices of tea and rubber, which may be fairly classed as world necessities, have improved, and I think we can look forward to this improvement being at least maintained.

In previous years you have allowed me to make a few general remarks on the two great industries in which the trust is especially interested, and, with your permission, I should like to follow the same course to-day. (Hear, hear.) In the case of tea I propose to give you a short survey of the trend of events since our last meeting. On that occasion I mentioned the contracts in force between the Ministry of Food and producers in India and Ceylon. In the case of Northern India those contracts continued until the end of the 1918 crop, and in the case of Ceylon and Southern India until the end of May, 1919, the Government taking 66 per cent. of the production of Indian estates and 50 per cent. of the production of Ceylon estates. The prohibition on private imports of tea into this country continued practically throughout the whole of last year. Under existing conditions Sumatra and other foreign-grown tea will be at a disadvantage in this country as compared with British-grown tea, but as a large percentage of British-grown tea is in normal times marketed in countries outside the British Empire the ultimate effect will be that foreign grown teas, which are represented mainly by those produced in the Dutch East Indies, will compete more strongly with that portion of the British-grown product which has to be realised in these countries. Taking into account all the known factors of the situation, I think it reasonable to assume that a fairly high level of prices for tea is likely to continue and that producers are not likely to be faced with over production for many years to come.

With regard to rubber, last year I stated that the total area under plantation rubber was estimated at about 2½ million acres, but that no reliable statistics were obtainable. Since then further information obtained would indicate that the area under cultivation at December 31, 1918, was, approximately, 2½ million acres. Last year I also gave you an estimate showing an ultimate output of plantation rubber of 448,000 tons, on the basis of an average yield of 400 lb. per acre. With a quarter million acres added to the planted area, this ultimate output will now have to be raised to 500,000 tons.

The Chairman concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. E. L. Hamilton seconded and the resolution was carried unanimously.